

THE
Conquest of Spain:
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by

Her M A J E S T Y's Servants

AT THE

QUEEN's THEATRE

In the Hay-Market.

At the Court of Mrs. Mary Pix

L O N D O N :

Printed for Richard Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown
in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1705.

Newly Publish'd, *Claudius Manger's French Grammer*, the 20th Edition, enrich'd with New Words and a New Method, and all the Improvements of that famous Language, as it is now flourishing in the Court of France: Corrected from all the Errors slip'd in the former Impressions, by a French Minister. Price 2 s. All the Histories and Novels of the late Ingenious Mrs. *Behn* entire in one Vol. Price 5 s. All Mrs. *Behn's* Plays, in 2 Volumes in 8vo. Price 12 s. The Art of Love, a Poem Dedicated to the Ladies, Written by Mr. *Charles Hopkins*, Price 2 s. Familiar Letters written by *John* late Earl of *Rochester*, to the Honourable *Henry Savile*, Esq; &c. With passionate Love-Letters by the late Ingenious Mr. *Ormay*. And a Poem call'd a Description of a Maiden-head, written by the said Earl, and never before Printed, in 2 Volumes, Price 5 s. The Chances, a Comedy, Price 1 s. Written by his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*. The Maids Tragedy, written by *Beaumont and Fletcher*, price 1 s. 6 d. The Libertine, a Tragedy, price 1 s. 6 d. Epitom-Wells, a Comedy, price 1 s. 6 d. All Printed for Richard Wellington, where is sold all sorts of Histories, Novels, and Plays.

Dramatis Personæ.

*Rhoderique,
Clothario.
Lodovicus.*

Julianus.

*Antonio.
Alvarez.
Jaquez.*

Theomantius.

*Don Gomez.
Mullymunen.*

King of *Spain*.

} Two Lords, his Creatures.

{ An Ancient General of *Spain*, per-
swaded from his Retirement by the
King, to Fight against the *Moors*.

Nephew to *Julianus*.

Friend to *Antonio*, a Villain.

Slave to *Alvarez*.

{ A Prince of *Spain*, suppos'd Dead, in
Love with, and Contracted to *Ja-*
cincta.

Governour of a Castle.

General of the *Moors*.

Several *Moorish* Officers.

W O M E N.

Jaccincta.

Margaretta.

Daughter to *Julianus*.

{ A Noble Orphan under the Care of
Julianus, and privately Married to
Antonio.

Women and Attendants.

T H E

THE PROLOGUE.

HOW bold a Venture does our Author make!
And what strange Measures to his Wishes take?
How cou'd he hope the Tragick Scene shou'd please,
When Art's a Jest, and Sence a loath'd Disease?
What prospect of Advantage cou'd he find
In the just painted Passions of the Mind,
And the sublimer Draughts of Human Kind?
Who listens now to Nature's charming Voice,
When all are pleas'd with empty Show and Noise,
Loud tumid Bombast, or low Farce and Dance,
The far-fetch'd Trash of Italy and France.
What various Dishes for you have we drest,
And what strange Olio's have set out our Feast?
Yet these please now your vitious Pallates more
Than your wise Sires the Tragick Muse of Yore.
The Tragick Muse, the Glory of our Nation,
Is thrown Aside, Despis'd, like an old Fashion.
In vain with Toyl the artful Bards have strove
Your fickle Taste to please, and to improve.
All this our Author knew, yet still wou'd on,
And tempt the Dangers he was warn'd to shun.
No dire Prediction cou'd his Mind depress,
And sure his Courage merits some Success.
Bravely resolv'd, he does his Sentence wait;
Nor dreads your Frowns, nor wou'd provoke your Hate;
But owns your Power, and hopes a prosperous Fate.

An EPILOGUE

By a Friend.

You've seen the unhappy Monarch's wretched Fate,
Who to the best of Subjects prov'd ingrate:
No wonder he sat loose upon his Throne,
After such Treatment to its Supporter shown.

How happy is our Isle, which can't complain
That her great Heroe has deserv'd in vain?
Gladly we've seen the Senate and the Crown,
Making their Gratitude, like his Renown,
For ever to succeeding Ages known.

You, fairest Charmers, to whose gentle sway
With pleasure we submit, and chuse t'obey;
Whom to offend base Cowards only dare,
And those, whom nothing else can frighten, fear.
He runs a double risque that injures you,
Breaking the Allegiance to your Beauties due,
And must expect our Sex his Enemies too.
We've seen the greatest Powers prove no defence
To him that wrong'd your unarm'd Innocence.
The generous Warriors scorn to assert his Cause,
Who's violated Honours sacred Laws.

None are so brave as those whom you inspire
With Life and Vigour from Love's active Fire:
When you our willing Hands and Hearts Command,
Our daring Onsets nothing can withstand.
We fear no Darts but from your piercing Eyes,
And every Terror but your Frowns despise.

Thus when in mighty ANNA's Cause we Fight,
Toils are our Pleasures, Dangers our Delight.
Since to maintain her Rights we've us'd our Arms,
They've prov'd resistless as Her powerful Charms:
Whose Influence has in one Campaign done more
Than we in Ages could perform before.

Still may your Smiles our Victories Reward,
Their happy Progress nothing shall retard.
All the united Powers of France and Spain,
Our fearless Legions shall oppose in vain:
To Grace your glorious Triumphs both shall joyn,
And their lost Trophies at your Feet resign.

ACT

A C T the First.

S C E N E an Ante-Chamber in the Court.

Enter Antonio, Margaretta, and Alvarez.

Ant. **W**H Y dost thou sigh with this unusual Care,
And grasp me with such eager fond Concern
As if we never were to meet again?

Mar. Thus to be hurried from the Feast of Nature,
The Downy Peace of a retir'd Life,
Here to be fixt at Court, the Place I hate,
To have my dearest Lord summon'd away
By Honour's shrill Commands, born from my sight
To share impartial Danger in the Field,
I swear it is too much. Speak, *Alvarez*,
Thou faithful Witness of our secret Vows,
Are not these Causes worthy of my Grief?

Alv. I had rather play the Woman, and weep those Tears,
Than see them drown the Lustre of your Eyes.

Mar. The Wretched by Complaint oft find Relief,
But I have no such Privilege in Sorrow;
Though gnawing Anguish prey upon my Heart,
In Publick I must wear a Face serene,
Stifle my rising Sighs, restrain my Tears,
And well dissemble all the Pangs I feel,
Least they betray our Marriage.

Ant. What shall I do to calm thy growing Fears?

Mar. Nothing but stay, do that and I am blest.
Leave the rough Business of the dreadful War
To those inur'd to bloody Fields of Horror:
Thou wert not made for Summer's scorching Heats,
Nor Winter's piercing Cold, and fatal Damps;

Thou

(2)
Thou only wert design'd for Love and Peace.
Honour and Wealth already are your Slaves,
Conquest has wreath'd your Brow with verdent Lawrels,
And *Barcelona* owns you for her Lord.
What would you more ? Alas ! I fear
My humble Fortunes drive you from my Arms.

Ant. Alvarez, hear you this ? Oh ! *Margaretta* !
Is there on Earth a Fortune worthy thee ?
Thy Vertues, valued but at half their Price,
Wou'd over-buy the Globe with all its Glories.
Was not thy Birth Noble as *Spain* can boast ?
Thy Father Loyal, Generous and Valiant ?
Who, when he had exhausted all his Store,
In grateful Offices of Publick Good,
The King confess'd his Merits, prais'd him much,
But found himself too poor to pay him back,
And by delaying what was in his Power,
Thy Father, to his Shame, died unrewarded.

Mar. And left me an unhappy helpless Orphan,
Expos'd to this unhospitable World ;
But Heaven was kind, for from my Father's Obsequies
Great *Julianus* led me to his Pallace,
And bred me up with his own beauteous Daughter.

Alv. And well you merited his pious Care.

Ant. Weep not, my Love, let past Afflictions die ;
Load not thy Memory with mornful Thoughts.
When my Great Uncle's Fame shall be rehears'd
In after-times, in Ages yet behind,
This one excelling Act of Guarding thee
Shall crown the immortal Story.

Mar. My much lov'd Lord, my Peace, my Wish, my Husband,
That dearest Name fums all the Joys of Life ;
Blest be the Hour, and blest the Holy Priest
That join'd our Hands, and seal'd this happy Contract.

Ant. Thou dearest Object of my doating Heart !

Alv. Is Wedlock stor'd with Tenderness like this !
Who would not then be married ?

Ant. Kind *Alvarez* !

With well-pleas'd Eyes thou viewest my lovely Choice ;
For thou art blest *Antonio's* other-Treasure.

Alv. From laughing Youth up to these busy Years

Our

Our Souls have held the Band of Manly Friendship.

Ant. Never may Time nor Accident divide it :
My Friend, my charming Wife.

Alv. She is strangely Beauteous.

Ant. She is, *Alvarez* ; and by Heaven I swear
It glads me more to call this Treasure mine,
Than were I Emperor of the World, without Her.
Oh *Margeretta* ! couldst thou read my Thoughts,
For 'tis not in the Power of Words to express them,
How Constant, Fond, entirely full of thee,
They rise with eager Transport in my Soul :
By them alone thou'dst know how dear I hold thee.

Mar. Yet you will leave me to Dispair.

Ant. But to defend my Country from the *Moors*,
That I may long enjoy thy matchless Beauty.

Mar. But *Julianus* !

Ant. Fear not, he will forgive our secret Marriage.

Alv. Though at this time when War looks Red upon us
It is not fit to tell him Tales of Love,
Yet when soft Peace ensues, he'll Crown your Wishes.

Mar. *Antonio* is his Favourite near allied,
And by expiring Parents left his Charge.
I know, my Lord, the General is good,
But he designs you for some happier Maid ;
One to whom Fortune with a partial Hand
Has given
The shining Mass which she had long been gathering
From lavish Epicures and thoughtless Heirs.

Ant. For *Margaretta* I contemn it all,
And count it Dross when ballanc'd with thy Worth.

Mar. Oh ! how my boding Heart does beat and ache,
Reflecting on the Hazards thou must run ;
Dangers which threatens Life and dearer Love ;
Love which is grown the pretious Vital Heat,
Essential to this little tender Frame,
And both must live, or both decay together.

Ant. Thou soft Delight, the Musick of whose Voice
Runs to my Heart, and brings new Raptures there,
Tell me what I shall say to Charm thy Cares.

Mar. Swear that neither Fate, nor ill tim'd Chance,
Shall change your Love, and dear priz'd Faith to me :

Swear,

Swear, that I may preserve the pleasing Oath,
And when you're gone repeat it to my Heart.

Ant. By all our Exstasies already past,
By all our boundless Pleasures yet to come,
By the Dear unborn Pledge of joy thou bearest,
My Soul shall never know another Flame,
Never incline to an inconstant Wish,
Nor my Eyes stay to gaze on any Object,
But thy dear World of Beauties.

Mar. Enough, my Soul's at ease, and Doubt is lost.

Alv. Hark! the Trumpets speak the King at hand:
This Morning *Julianus* takes his Leave.

Ant. To win new Trophies for the Inglorious King,
Who wastes his Life in Luxury and Ease.

Mar. Lose not a Thought on him, Love all exacts;
He bids us husband the dear little Stock
Which yet is left to bless our eager Wishes.
Come, let us give the few remaining Minutes
To faithful Tendernefs, and soft Farewells:
Let not the smallest part of scanty Time
Fleet by, unknowing of our mutual Joys,
Till that unhappy Crisis which divides us.

Ant. Thus to my Heart for ever could I hold thee,
To Glory Deaf; regardless of a Name,
Neglecting Honour, and despising Fame. [Exit *Ant.* and *Mar.*

Alv. What mean these warring Passions in my Breast?
Honour, Love, Eriendship, Fury, and Despair;
Ye Legion of Tormentors, how you Rack me!
Yet I will struggle with this mighty Tumult.
Honour, what art thou, but an Idle Dream,
A gaudy Bubble chas'd by Beardless Boys,
Which when we catch proves nothing but Opinion.
Love, thou indeed art an essential Blessing,
The unexhausted source of all our Pleasures:
Why then should Friendship's barren Name forbid thee?
What is a Friend but one who shares in common,
The Advantages of Life with him he Loves?
And Marriage is ingrossing to himself.

Antonio then dissolves the Band, not *L*
Oh! *Margaretta*! I must and will enjoy thee.
Jaquez, my faithful Slave, where art thou.

Enter

(5)
Enter Jaquez.

Jaq. Where I have over-heard all, and come prepar'd.

Alv. Long have I found thee Diligent and Subtle,
And I have great Occasion for those Qualities,
I am in Love.

Jaq. With Lord *Antonio's* Wife.

Alv. Confusion blast that Title, 'tis my Bane:
Could'st thou no other way distinguish her
But by the only Sound I wou'd forget?

Jaq. Thus warn'd, I'll be more careful.

Alv. Fond *Alvarez!*

Why dost thou blush to think upon the Sin
Thou dar'st resolve to act? 'Tis Coward Villany.

Jaq. You are much disturb'd.

Alv. Aided by thee, all will again be well.
Anon we march against the Sooty *Moors*;
Be it thy Care to intercept all Letters
That pass between *Antonio* and that Lady.
'Tis easy to be done as I'll direct thee.
I have a half-form'd Thought, which, well improv'd,
Will ease my longing Soul. But see, the King.
Let us withdraw, where we may think on't farther. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Clothario and Lodovicus, Guards and several Courtiers at a distance.

King. This Day Great *Julianus* leads to War;
Which swells my Hopes of Victory and Love.
Though our young Warriors have with Loss been foil'd,
Now He consents to lead, our Cares are fled.
What are these *Moors*, that they should make us fear?
A straggling Crew, unskill'd in *Spanish* Discipline:
Our well try'd Soldiers soon will cut them off,
And rase the Memory of this Invasion.
Then let it not disturb Our Royal Thoughts:
Certain of Conquest, I give loose to Pleasure.
Clothario and Lodovicus, be you employ'd
To see the Court shine like another Paradise:
Let every Sence be feasted with Delight.

Lod. First let the General be farther off.
Your Majesty well knows he frowns on Vanity,

His Soul was stamp'd of the old Roman Make,
Stern Valour and strict Vertue are his Pleasures,
His only Study how he may restore
The ancient, awful Dignity of Spain:
Both Mind and Body join to furnish out
A rough, unpolish'd, perfect Soldier.

King. Such indeed he is: yet from him came
The softest Creature Nature ever made.
Fool that thou art! to talk of *Julianus*,
When all my Thoughts are busy with *Jacintha*.
Let the Old Man amidst his Iron Warriors
Make long Harangues, and win the Soldiers Hearts:
Whilst with his beauteous Daughter I am blest,
Lost in the Revels of tumultuous Joy.

Cloth. Alas! my Gracious Sovereign, I fear
You'll find it hard to work her to your Purpose:
Her Father's stiddy Vertue is her Guide;
And she, with early Piety, improves
The Rules by which the Holy Vestals walk.

Lod. Her Actions and her Words are all Divine,
As if from her new Sectaries were to rise,
And new Discoveries of Worlds above,
She the fair Saint to lead the shining Way,
And charm us with her Beauty to pursue.

King. Ha! Traytors! dare you talk
To me? Dare you do this, now when I range
Warm in the dear pursuit of wanton Bliss?
Hence, from my Sight, ye useless Dregs of Vice:
Have you so long been Slaves to my Desires,
And do you now forget your humble Business?
When I have nam'd the Object of my Wishes
Your Diligence shou'd still supply the Means.

Cloth. *Jacintha's* your's, tho' she be Chast as *Lucrece*,
Beyond what Lovers think, or Poets feign:
Your Youth and Majesty have Charms sufficient
To melt the frozen Zone, and reach her Heart.

Lod. Shewing the Difficulty to obtain
We but inance the Value of the Prize.
She shall be your's; that lovely dazzling Beauty,
To which not *Spain*, nor all the World besides
Can find a Parallel, believe her gain'd.

King. Ay,

King. Ay, now you speak like Men resolv'd to rise,
And shine the Envy of the gazing Court,
Wear all the gaudy Honours I can give,
But live dependant on my Pleasures.

Cloth. See the General.

*Enter Julianus, Jacinta, Margaretta and Women, Antonio,
Alvarez and several Officers.*

King. Welcom, thou Guardian Genius of my Throne,
My General, my Father and my Friend:
Safety and Peace come with thee, chearful Triumph
Waits with impatience to reward thy Labours.
Proclaim a Jubilee through all our Cities:
Great *Julianus* comes, be that the Shout,
From whose blest Ecchoe *Spain* with Joy receives
The pleasing Omen of assur'd Success.

Jul. Whether does all this wondrous Goodness lead?
You call the mantling Blood into my Face,
And make me young again in spite of Nature.
Such Power has condescending Majesty.

King. Forgive me, Soldier, that in erring Youth
I left neglected thy superior Vertue;
Now I embrace thee as the Prop of Empire.

Jul. Thus warm'd, command me quickly to the Fight;
Old as I am, I shall make work among them,
That with whole Hecatombs of Sun-burnt *Moors*
I may repay this, and deserve your Praise.

King. Victory cannot fail; your beauteous Daughter
Carries eternal Conquest in her Eyes.
Again our Court shall boast and vie with *France*
For soft prevailing Charms. That other Fair One
Methinks I have seen before.

Jul. The lovely Daughter
Of brave *Antigones*. Nay think not, Courtiers,
A worthier Man never adorn'd the World:
Had he been yet alive, or such as he,
Spain ne'er had heard of *Mullymmen's* Name.
'Tis from our Wantonness, our slothful Ease,
From our Neglect of Arms, the *Moors* presume
Thus to defy us at our very Gates.

Your Pardon, ~~shining~~ Things, if I am too rough,
For I have not been us'd to Courts of late ;
My Soldiers only will remember me,
And them I shall know how to entertain.

King. Thou Loyal Mighty Pillar of my State !
Speak, hast thou nothing to request of me
Before the great decisive Day.

Jul. It was your Pleasure
That I should leave safe in your Kingly Trust
All that my Heart held dear ; the Gracious Offer
Has eas'd my Soul of many an anxious Thought.
My Castle stands so near the Enemy,
That, had I plac'd them there, as I design'd,
The hated Noise of War, the rude Confusion,
Dreadful to Virgin Ears, the Shrieks of Cowards,
The Cries and hollow Groans of dying Men
Had pierc'd their gentle Natures: With you secure,
They may at ease expect the great Event.
Here, Royal Sir, take this my poor *Jacintha* ;
And this, the Daughter of my good old Friend,
Equally dear to *Julianus* Breast.
With you I leave them, and from your Hands again
At my Return shall ask the Sacred Pledges.

King. As Life and Empire will thy King preserve them.
But will not fair *Jacintha* speak to us ?
For we delight to hear her pleasing Words.

Jul. A Sable Cloud of Grief hangs o'er her Thoughts ;
For she has lost in this unhappy War
A Lover, which we all have Cause to mourn.
Blush not, my Girl, he well deserv'd thy Heart,
And was thy Father's Choice ; whose Mind, exempt
From the soft Byas of thy tender Passion,
Examin'd him with Reason's wary Eye,
And found him truly Perfect.

King, Theomantius ?

Jul. The same. I lov'd the Noble Warlike Youth,
And should not easily forgive my Daughter
Could she so soon forget him.

King. The Maid that loves a Soldier, fair *Jacintha*,
Must arm her self against the Lot of Battel :
There Death and Glory hold the doubtful Scale,

And oft with thoughtless haste blind Chance decides,
The Hero falls, and the chill Coward's spar'd.
None but your Powerful Father ever knew
To fix the giddy Wheel; Fortune's his Slave.

Jac. Grant it ye Powers.

King If Heaven views you but with my regard,
Ask what you will you cannot be deny'd.

Jac. One small request, Great Sir, I have to you,
That in my Father's absence I have leave
To live Recluse, unseeing and unseen,
Where I may pass my melancholly Hours
In Tears and Vows, such as my Fate requires.

King Chuse your Appartment in our Royal Pallace,
And no Rude Breath shall break the hallow'd Air,
Made Sacred to your self and this bright Virgin,
The soft Companion of your solitude;
There live like Pious Maids in silent Cloysters,
Till the loud Trumpets and repeated Shouts
Proclaim the General's Victory and Return,
And call you forth.

Jul. This most indulgent Goodness
Shews you the best of Men as well as Kings.
Yes, doubt not Conquest, when I'm thus prepar'd.
By heaven I'm fir'd, eager for the War

As when at first, in the high Rage of Youth
I chas'd Immortal Fame: Draw up your Troops

Antonio; What, unplum'd? This is not well,
Thou art a Soldier, and Soldiers should be forward.

I tell thee, Lord, I went not with more Joy
Unto my Maiden Bride that Hymen Night,
From whence I gain'd this Jewel of my Heart,
Than now I do unto my second Nuptials,
Honour. Oh she's a Gallant Mistress.

Ant. Ever Young.

Think not, my Lord, that I am unprepar'd,
A trifling laggard in the Glorious Race;
When such I am, disown me of your Blood,
And hold me most unworthy your Esteem.

Jul. Gallant Antonio!

Ant. Led on by you,
We shall find business for the *Africans*.

King They'l Curse the Ambition that betray'd them to you.

Jul. This Honour which your Majesty has given me,
Tho' better it might fit another's wearing,
Whose able Limbs time has not yet contracted,
Nor half so many Winters quench'd his Blood,
Yet, like a Spring, it has reviv'd again
This Autumn of my Years. Let us away:
We will destroy this Swarthy brood of Hell,
Dispatch them with such Momentary Slaughter,
That late Posterity shall doubt the Legend,
And only think their old Fore-fathers Dreamt.

King, My Friend, my God-like Hero, sound to March:
Even we our selves mean to conduct you forward,
And view the chearful Soldiers with what Joy
They wait your wish'd approach. Come on my General;
Sound all the Martial Instruments of War,

[*Trumpets Sound and Drums Beat.*

That as we pass your Souls may Fire.

[*Going.*

Jac. Dread Sovereign, [*Jacintha Kneels to the King.*

If in your Eyes *Jacintha* has found Grace,
Forgive the Female weakness of my mind:
My Father bred me up with tenderest Care,
And still preserv'd me from the threatening Storms
Of Life's unruly Tempest, safe and happy;
Beneath his sheltring Wing my Fears were hush'd,
Nor look'd I farther, till by his Command
I lov'd the noble Copy of himself,

My *Theomantius*. Oh untimely Fate!

This cruel War has crop'd his hopeful Bloom,
And thrown him Pale and Wither'd to his Grave:

This I have learn'd to bear, yet more I'll try;

And since 'tis now decreed I must resign

The only Refuge of my trembling Youth,

Give me a moments leave to weigh the Hazard,

The certain Danger and uncertain Safety,

To hang about his Knees and tell my Sorrows,

To beg Paternal Blessings ere he goes,

With Fondness much unfit for many Eyes.

King.

King. Take your Request; and all with me Retire.
Only Remember, Valiant *Julians*,
That every Minute's stay is rob'd from Fame.

Jul. Oh do not think that I will loyter here,
A short farewell, a Blessing on my Children
And I am gone swift as your own Desires. [*Ex. King and Courtiers.*]
What wouldst thou now, thou Darling of my Age,
Thou lov'd Resemblance of thy Charming Mother?
And thou, fair *Margaretta*? Speak your Wishes,
And share a Father's and a Friend's Affection.

Jac. The first dear Suit that rises to my Tongue,
Prefer'd to all the rest, is your own Life;
Be careful of your self or I am lost.

Jul. I'll take a Soldier's Care I do assure thee,
Foremost to Charge, and cautious to Retreat;
Watchful to take Advantage of the Enemy,
And active to Employ the Opportunity;
Well to Command, and careful to Advise;
That I may Merit what a General should,
And then I dare trust Fortune with the rest.
Why dost thou weep my lovely drooping Charge?
Come, I have guess'd the Cause of thy Concern,
Thou fearest for a young Soldier, or I Err.
Dwells not *Antonio* in those fears?

Mar. My Lord.

Jul. Nay no Excuse, that Blush confirms my Thoughts;
But oh! Fair Maid, beware the Wiles of Love,
Trust not too easily to Faithless Men.
Indeed *Antonio* is a worthy Lord;
But he is Young, and his Possessions Large;
All means for Riot, if he bends that way.
Thou art descended from as Glorious Ancestors,
Then let not Wealth, Titles, nor Pomp betray thee
To stain the Ancient Honour of thy Race.

Mar. Heaven forbid.

Jul. Forgive me, *Margaretta*;
Old Men will claim a Privilege to talk:
Only be cautious, 'tis a dangerous World,
And Youth and Beauty are the common Wrack;
Let Vertue be thy guide, and thou art safe.
Trust me, I love thee as my Child.

Mar.

Mar. My Father,
For so I have ever found you, kind and good,
You seem inclin'd to chide my guilty Weakness;
How have I err'd, how fail'd in my Obedience?

Jul. No, thou art Innocent as Infant Angels,
Dear to my Bosom as my own *Jacinta*,
Nor is the Youth less lov'd: But I observ'd
Thy Charming Eyes fixt mutually on his,
Shoot all their Fires there, and melt when he withdrew:
Perhaps 'twas only Friendship, I have done.
The fleeting Minutes pass and I lose time,
What is it my *Jacinta* has to say?

Jac. Oh, Sir, if you will but with Patience hear me,
I have a Tale to unfold concerns you nearly,
A gloomy Fear that hangs upon my Soul
And every Peaceful Faculty distracts.

Jul. I am surpriz'd! but tell me what thou meanest.

Jac. Look kindly then, and promise to forgive me.

Jul. Fear not *Jacinta*.

Jac. Call to your noble mind
The struggling Grief of your unhappy Child
When you talk'd of leaving me at Court.

Jul. I well remember thy incessant Tears,
When the repeated Royal Mandates came;
But then it was we first receiv'd the News
Of *Theomantius's* Death.

Jac. The Lovely Youth
Not all my sorrows can enough Lament.
Alas! I had resolv'd to mourn his loss
In lonely Shades and unfrequented Groves;
To waste my wretched Days in said Despair,
Counting the tedious Minutes with my Sighs.

Jul. And raging War has broke this mournful Scene;
Is not that all?

Jac. Oh no, my Dearest Father;
But your severer Virtue awes my Words:
Feign I would tell you all, yet want the Power,
Blushing Confusion choaks the hated Tale,
And Shame o'er spreads my Face as I were Guilty,
When I would blame another.

Jul. What say'st thou?
But surely I am wide of Truth.

Jac.

(13)
Jac. The King.

Jul. Stop there, *Jacintha*, as thou lov'st thy Father;
Nor with thy idle Fears disturb my Soul,
Because he condescended to regard
Thy little Portion of unartful Beauty:
Interpret not his Praise to thy Dishonour.
Perhaps thou hast heard some Murmurers defame him;
To me they would have rail'd, but I was deaf;
Honour forbid that I should listen to them.
Shake of these Doubts, have nobler Thoughts, my Child;
Revere the Royal Man thy Father Serves.

Jac. But yet my Lord. ———

Jul. No more, I charge you, of this fond Mistake.
Does he not trust me with unbounded Power?
With the united Force of all his Kingdoms?
And can he mean me Ill?

Jac. I'll urge no farther;
Only to Heaven direct my humble Prayers:
Protect my Father, give him Victory,
And save my Innocence.

Mar. With equal Zeal I offer my Petitions:
Bestow, ye great Disposers of our Fate,
Long Life and endless Joy on *Julianus*;
Shower all your Blessings on his Reverend Head,
And guard him back with Honour, Peace, and Safety.

Jul. I go, my Children, with assur'd Success,
The noble Cause I wear upon my Sword
Is of it self sufficient to prevail:
Justice and Piety fight on our Sides;
Against such Odds, who dare dispute the Field.
One Chast Embrace, and then Farewel.

Jac. Yet stay,
One moment longer stay and bless my Eyes;
When that's expir'd I will surmount my Fears,
And calmly Part.

Jul. The sacred Powers are Just,
And in the course of many rowling Years
No horrid Sin starts up to blast my Hopes,
No vile Offence vexes my Memory;
And honest Men are Heavens peculiar Care.
Why art thou sad?

(14)
Jac. Oh! you have manly Courage;
But I, of gentler Mould, was made a Woman:
My Eyes run o'er, and my full Heart Presages
We ne'er shall meet in Happiness again.

Jul. All groundless: I tell thee, my *Jacinda*,
Our greatest ills of Life our selves Create:
Our anxious Care, our Follies, and our Fondness,
Ever betray us to a thousand Dangers;
And human kind are still their own undoers.
Be thou upright, and then suspect no harm.
By Heaven! I prattle thus, forgetting Honour;
But thou art Dear to me as Peace or Glory;
The vital Blood that Circles round my Heart
Is not one half so Precious: Banish thy scruples.

Jac. My God-like Father, kind as Providence,
Who views our faults with a forgiving Eye,
Hears us repine with ceaseless Discontent;
Yet still continues its unwearied Goodness.
But I'll no longer hold you from your Warriors,
Farewell.

Jul. Why dost thou damp the few remaining sparkles
That faintly warm my Age with dying vigour?
Why dost thou wound my Soul with boding words,
And with thy streaming Tears make parting dreadful?
Farewell to both, and the blest Gods protect you.

[Exit.]

Jac. He's gone, and gloomy Terror fills my Mind.
Come, my fair Friend, let us begin our Task;
Fly all Delight and all Society,
Resolve to live in this Distress'd Court
Silent and sad as Death.

Mar. I meet your Wishes.
Oh Love! thou pleasing solitude of Mind,
Thou spacious Field of Fancy, beauteous Prospect,
Where tender Jealousies and gentle Raptures,
And Hopes and Fears, Desires and endless Joys
Compose the soft variety of Life.

Jac. Sure 'twas the business of some Guardian Angel
To fit our Hearts for such entire Sympathy.
Let us be gone, I long to indulge my Grief:
My Father's Danger, and my Lover's Fate,
What greater Woes can angry Powers Create.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the first ACT.

ACT

A C T the Second.

Enter King, Clothario, and Lodovicus.

Lod. Give her but time to think, and she'll comply.
King. Oh! never; with strong Aversion and severe
 She flies my Love, and leaves no glimpse of hope. (Disdain
 Late, as I gently prest on her Retirement,
 And urg'd my Tale of irresistible Passion,
 With frowning Scorn and firmest Resolution,
 Even such as shews she is not to be mov'd,
 The cruel Fair repuls'd my eager Fires.

Cloth. When amorous Night and gentle Silence reign'd,
 Inspiring soft Desires and tender Wishes;
 When Pride and Reason, careless of their Charge,
 Nodded a while and left the Maid Defenceless,
 Could she refuse your Majesty?

King. Refuse!
 The word's too Mild; abhor, detest, and loath.
 Oh! she is fair and sweet as springing Flowers,
 But Cold and Charitable as Winter Frosts.
 What shall I do? I burn, and I despair:
 I cannot wait a tedious hated Siege;
 My fierce Desire is too impatient grown:
 Her Father may Return; or she may fly.

Cloth. The last I shall be watchful to prevent:
 And might I be permitted to advise,
 Seize on the Prey while yet 'tis in your Power;
 For Opportunity is a captious Goddess,
 If once neglected she returns no more.

King. Thou Counsell'est well, by Heaven it shall be so;
 I will possess in spite of all her hate:
 Snatch the coy Charmer to my longing Arms;
 Deaf to her Prayers, as she has been to mine.

Lod. Yet if I may be heard, forbear a while;
 Think on the Event, on her stern Father's Power:
 I fear not for *Jacinda*, but——

King. For thy self.
 Be Dumb, thou Coward, spare thy idle-Breath.

As well thou may'st restrain the flowing Tide,
Command the Fire, and controul the Wind,
As once delay the action I have purpos'd.

Lod. I have done, and am resolv'd to assist your Pleasure.

Cloth. When once enjoy'd, your Majesty will find
The bright *Jacintha* lay by all her Rage,
Her rigid Coldness, and her Virgin Fears,
And pay her grateful Offerings to Love.
Oh! she will put on all her melting softness,
And practice every subtile Female Art,
To fix you ever her Imperial Lover.

King. That I much doubt; but be it as it will,
I'll sum up all my Joys, and with full Transport,
In one Luxurious Hour possess the whole.
Say the Rich Feast should never be renew'd,
Yet the remembrance still shall bless my Soul;
The thinking Faculty shall be indulg'd,
And I'll repeat the Pleasure to my Heart,
Till even Desire be satiated.

Lod. Yet I am lost,
To think how this may be with secrecy.

King. Dull as thou art, dost thou pretend to thought?
Assist ye Slaves, and act as I Command,
Nor strain your poor Inventions any farther.
'Tis requisite the Beauteous Friends be parted.
Tell them, that all the Court repine to see
Their noble Births thus peevishly forgot;
Their Youthful Charms thus shrowded in despair:
Tell them, it is of Moment to my Honour,
That they admit the State due to ther Quality.
Say any thing may tempt them to comply;
And if they still refuse, part them by Force.

Clothario, thou art Keeper of this Tower,
Which long has serv'd my Amorous Purposes,
Thither convey *Jacintha*; for the other,
Confine her where she is.

Cloth. We shall observe, and readily obey.

King. In the mean time I will ascend the Tower,
From whence I may discern the distant Camp,
And guess imperfectly how they succeed:
But fly and bring my bright *Jacintha* here.

Let Heroes mind the Business of the War,
To love and to possess is all my Care.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene changes. Enter Jacinta and Margaretta.

Jac. Thus like the Children of Despair and Horror,
Weeping and trembling, hopeless of Success,
We walk the mournful Limits of our Prison:
For now we are confin'd with Locks and Bars,
Perhaps design'd a Sacrifice to Violence;
Snce I refus'd the Tyrant's impious Love,
Who knows what black Revenge he may pursue.
Oh! *Margaretta*, I am lost for ever.
This I foresaw, but could not be believ'd:
My dearest Father, in himself too honest
E'er to suspect another of such Villany,
Was deaf to my Complaint, and chid my Fears.

Mar. Let not your Soul resign it self to Sorrow,
For we are Guards to one another still.
The King, if ill inclin'd, which Heaven forbid,
Yet dares not openly pursue his Guilt
In these tumultuous Times; it might be fatal
To add one Crime to his polluted Life.

Jac. Thou, my fair Friend, art all the Guide I've left,
And what art thou 'gainst arbitrary Power?
Yet it is possible we may be safe.
Oh! *Theomantius*, dost thou know my Grief?
Sure if thou dost, 'twill interrupt thy Joy;
The chaste, the endless Truth I've vow'd thy Memory,
The spotless Honour I've preserv'd from Childhood,
All, all is now in danger.

Enter Lodovicus and Clothario.

Cloth. Hail ye bright Ornaments of our happy Court,
Ye lovely Miracles of Human Race,
Modest as infant Nature in her Bloom,
And fair as the Inhabitants of Heaven;
The King is still in search, and longs to find
New ways to do our mighty General Honour;
Apartments by his Royal Will assign'd,

Rich

Rich with the wealthy Spoil of ransack'd Nations,
And Crouds of kneeling Slaves wait your approach.

Lod. The *Tyrian* Purple and the *Indian* Gold
Curiously interwove by artful Hands,
Large Orient Pearl, and Gems of highest value,
Inferior only to your radiant Eyes,
Are plac'd in beauteous Order all around,
While gentle Harmony exerts its Power,
To waft Celestial Strains, worthy your welcom.

Jac. For whom is this fine Pageantry design'd?
It was my Father's Will, and my Request,
That free from Flatterers, from Noise and Show,
Our silent Hours might pass till his Return.
I pr'ythee go, and from the common Herd
Choose some vain thing that may affect such Trifles;
Leave us our humble Choice.

Cloth. To chide the officious Servants of your Pleasure
Is something hard, and suits not with your Goodness;
But Beauty hath a Privilege to frown,
The fiery Warriur, and the sage Philosopher,
The ambitious Monarch, all submit to Beauty,
And yield their Reason to your soft Command.

Lod. Oh, they are form'd for universal Sway,
The Source of Joy, and Idols of the World.

Mar. Whither does this fine Oratory tend?
On us 'tis lost, we wish to be alone.

Cloth. We have receiv'd Command from the King
To wait you to your several Apartments,
For so his Sacred Majesty ordains.

Jac. Hah! Part us! no, that you shall never do;
We have resolv'd to bear our Woes together,
Both Love and Misery have made us one,
The Soul and Body not more closely join'd,
Be sure when we are separate we die.

Mar. We want no State, no vain destructive Honour;
Content with Privacy, we shun the Croud,
Busy Attendance, and deluding Pomp;
Tumult and Noise is what we most abhor.

Cloth. The mighty *Rhoderique*, whose Word is Power,
Commands that fair *Jacintha* straight remove,
Where all things fitting her high Dignity,

Enough

Enough to vie with haughty Eastern Queens,
Fair Noble Maids, Titles and laughing Joy
Attend her.

Jac. Here will I stay, 'twas here my Father left me.

Lod. 'Tis dangerous to listen to your Words.

Jac. Oh my Heart!

What can you mean? you will not force me hence.

Mar. Your Forms are Human and your Souls Immortal.
Away; 'tis most unmanly.

Lod. You're too fearful;
Believe me, Madam, there's no ill intended,
The King designs much Good and many Favours,
To raise your Beauty and your Father's Valour.
Who waits there? Where are those dependent Slaves?
Conduct that Lady as you are order'd. [Enter Servants.

Jac. Hold.

Oh! for a Dagger and a Roman Courage.
Why are we taught Self-murder is a Crime
Then when the Virgin hath no other Refuge?

Mar. Ah! Whither do they drag my dear *Jacintha*?

Jac. Oh! *Margaretta*! 'tis in vain to weep,
If thou dar'st do a noble friendly Part,
Snatch a Villain's Sword and strike me through;
For there is far less Terror in that Thought
Than what I now expect.

Mar. Gentle, blest, abhor'd, relentless Villains!
Will nothing move your Hearts?

Jac. 'Tis all in vain:

Yet I will shake the Palace with my Cries,
I may be heard, there is a Power can save me;
At whose Command the subtle Lightning flies,
The Thunder roars, and trembling Earth gapes wide,
Either of these wou'd save me from undoing.
Oh blast the Tyrant, tear him, let him sink,
And free me from these Fears.

Mar. Oh! my *Jacintha*! my dear suffering Friend!

Jac. Farewell.

Mar. Inhuman Monsters, Fiends of Hell,
Better the *Moors* shou'd be our Lords than you;
Heaven's severest Justice overtake you;
War, Fire, Famine, and contagious Plagues
Combin'd together in one mighty Curse

(20)
Fall on this barbarous infernal Race;
Be this no more a Court, nor *Spain* a Kingdom,
But gloomy Death and Desolation reign.

[Exit *Jacinta* forc'd off.

Lod. Have Peace, here Violence is ended, you are safe.

Mar. Away, 'tis false, there is no Safety here.

Lod. There is no end of Womens fruitless Rage,
Therefore I go; this Apartment is your Bounds.

[Exit.

Mar. There's nothing mine but Sorrow.

Here will I lie and meditate a while

On all the various Ills that rend my Heart.

[Lies down.

Let the rude Slaves tread o'er me if they please,

Trample me, kill me, Death is now my Choice,

Lest I shou'd live to prove *Jacinta's* Wrongs.

My Lord *Antonio*, why hast thou forgot me?

Where are the expected Couriers which were promis'd,

To bring me hourly News of thy dear Safety?

Methinks I seem neglected and forsaken.

Warm in the youthful Chace of dazling Glory,

Thou hast not leisure to remember me.

Oh, didst thou know what Injuries live here,

Thou wouldst resign thy Plumes and fight no more.

Why talk I thus? when thou perhaps art dead.

Would I could sleep, for thinking will distract me.

Enter *Jaquez*.

Jaq. With Industry, a Villain's useful Quality,
I have found the Fair One out.

[Aside.

Ye juster Powers, when all the World's in Joy,

When Victory guilds our Arms and bids us smile,

Do I behold the Wife of great *Antonio*

Thus prostrate!

Mar. Ha! do I not know that Voice,
And did it not pronounce *Antonio's* Name?

Jaquez, say, is my Lord Victorious?

Hath he receiv'd no Hurt, and is he Chearful?

Oh! let me ask a thousand thousand Questions,

Impatient to be satisfied at once,

Yet not allow thee any time to answer.

But tell me, Is he well?

Jaq.

Jaq. In perfect Health.

Mar. Then I am satisfy'd ; the rest at leisure.

Jaq. Tho' yet we cannot boast intire Conquest,
We have gain'd many Advantages of the Enemy :
From the fam'd Castle of renown'd Don Gomez
This Morn the Youthful Soldiers sallied forth,
Under the Lord *Antonio's* lov'd Command.

Mar. Oh ! my Heart beats.

Jaq. So look'd the God of War,
When *Venus* self adorn'd him for the Field,
Such were his Charms ; the Gems that deck'd his Helmet
Seem'd from his sparkling Eyes to borrow Lustre ;
Courage and happy Conduct crown'd his Wishes,
And he return'd Successful.

Mar. Joyful Sound !

Jaq. Fifteen waving Flags born from the Foe,
A thousand sooty Prisoners bound in Chains,
Who with their fullen Looks and gnashing Teeth
Express'd the innate Malice of their Souls,
These grac'd the Triumph of the glorious Youth.
Treble the Number in the Skirmish fell,
And with the Spoil rejoic'd the Soldiers Hearts.

Mar. Now Blessings on thy Tongue for this glad News.
Oh ! my *Jacinta* ! Angels protect thy Vertue
A little anxious space of Time, and then
Our God-like Conquerors will set us free.

Jaq. The Noble Governor, who stands in Fame
Next *Julianus*, the most worthy Man
Our Kingdom boasts, has one only Daughter,
Gay as the Spring, and fair as new-born Light,
With all her Charms she met the Lord *Antonio* ;
Six beauteous Virgins bore her shining Train,
And six preceding hail'd him from their Mistress,
Strowing with fragrant Roses all the way.

Mar. 'Twas wondrous kind : Eternal Joy be with her.
Tell me her Name, that I may know to bless it
For those dear Honours which she gave my Lord.

Jaq. *Delia*. I could be lavish in her Praise,
But your surprizing Charms restrain my Language,
Excelling her as far.

Mar. Flatterer ! but proceed.

Jaq. Her Snowy Hand a Lawrel-Crown presented,
Which, kneeling, he as gracefully receiv'd.
Great *Julianus* and her Father smil'd,
While echoing Voices thro' the Pallace rang.
The pleasing Names of *Delia* and *Antonio*.

Mar. 'Tis well; but I grow sick and wou'd retire.
What Letters hast thou brought me from my Lord?

Jaq. 'Tis right; an angry Blush has dy'd her Cheeks,
And Rage is in her Eyes. [Aside.]

Mar. Why dost thou pause?

Jaq. Because I have no Letter nor no Message.
But 'twas his Haste, and therefore most excusable;
He dispatch'd me to the King, and had not time
To think.

Mar. How! not of me! oh, thou dost wrong him much.
I am his Hourly Thought, as he is mine,
Else I were most miserable.

Jaq. It may be so:
Yet I had no Command from him to see you.
My Lord *Alvarez*, Partner of his Victory,
Charg'd me to find you and to tell you all,
Least you should grieve.

Mar. I thank him; 'twas most kind.
Oh! my *Antonio*! if I think thee false,
Forgive my Weakness, and remove my Doubts.
Love grown to that Excess I feel
Can scarce shake off the close Attendant, Jealousy.
Be gon, thou rude Disturber of my Peace,
My Lord is true.

Jaq. Of all Discourse *Antonio* is the Theam,
For he's the very Darling of the War,
Successful in the Field as in his Love.

Mar. By Heaven, I wish him all he can desire;
Bright Honour, boundless Wealth, and full Delight;
And, if there be a Blessing yet superior,
Bestow it on the excellent *Antonio*.
What mean these rising Tears! why do I tremble!
Surely it boads me ill; I'll not believe it.
'Tis poor *Jacintha* that distracts my Mind,
And all my Fears proceed from tender Friendship.
Come, and I'll give the Letters to my Lord:

Alvarez

Alvarez has commended thy Fidelity,
And on that Score I know it was resolv'd
Thou should'st be trusted and employ'd between us:
I hope thou art a faithful Messenger.

Jaq. Much rather let me die than be suspected.

Mar. Indeed thou art not, for I think thee honest;
Tho', since Hypocrisy is grown an Art,
We scarce discern 'twixt Falshood and Desert. [Exeunt.

Enter Clothario.

Clo. Oh! Whither shall I fly to lose my Fears?
The fair *Jacintha* is undone for ever.
I saw her kneel, and weep, and beg in vain:
The angry King perceiv'd my pitying Looks,
And with a Frown commanded me away,
Dragging her himself along the Floor.
Methinks I see the Cholerick General
Draw up his Myrmidons against the Pallace.
But I have largely drank to drown these Thoughts,
And will be wise and Sleep; who knows but things
May wear a better Face when I awake.
I'm safe enough, none but the King can pass
While these are mine, the Lady is secure. [Exit.

Enter Jacintha.

Jac. Come back, thou Tyrant! barbarous Ravisher!
And let me vent the Fury of my Soul.
Remorse, Disease, Ruin and Infamy
Revenge my Wrongs, and haunt thee to thy Grave.
Oh! I will range, like a mad *Bacchonal*,
Thro' all thy Realms proclaim my Injuries,
And teach thy listning Subjects to abhor thee.
Ungrateful King!
Is this the Recompence thou giv'st my Father
For all his painful Years of Blood and Conquest?
And were his treacherous Honours and his Life
A Train to ruin his unhappy Daughter?
Oh! if I think I shall grow impious,
And blame the Authors of my wretched Being.

Thou hop'st, vain King, I shou'd conceal my Wrongs;
 But I'll proclaim them both to Heaven and Earth;
 I will pursue thee with incessant Cries,
 Waking and watchful as thy evil Genius;
 I'll seek new ways to terrify thy Soul,
 Pale restless Ghosts with me shall stalk their Rounds,
 And help to break thy downy midnight Slumbers,
 Sleep shall forsake thy Eyes, and Peace thy Mind:
 Thou hast undone my Virgin Innocence,
 Therefore no more of Life, 'tis Shame and Torture.
 But hear me, if thou wou'dst preserve thy own,
 Come back and kill me; so all's well again,
 And my dear Father still shall fight thy Battels,
 Unknowing of his hapless Daughter's Fate.
 Oh *Julianus*! thou most wrong'd of Men!
 How is thy Loyal Faith deluded now,
 Whilst thou art winning Trophies from *Spain's* Enemies
Spain has dishonour'd and imprison'd me.
 Thou understand'st not this, unless the Winds
 Upon their fleeting Murmurs bear it to thee.
 Oh! Gracious Heaven, to whom shall I complain?
 My Father, *Theomantius*, *Margaretta*,
 Living and Dead to me are all alike;
 What if the Grave contain them or the Camp,
 Or say they be imprison'd in a Pallace,
 I have no Aid, no Comfort from their Loves.
 I cannot bear this load of Infamy.
 Oh Death! thou gloomy Path which most wou'd shun,
 Trembling I seek thee with unwearied Steps,
 And court thee to receive me in thy Shade:
 I'll search these hated Rooms in hopes to find thee. [Exit.

Scene changes, where Clothario is discover'd sleeping.
Re-enter Jacincta.

Jac. All, all is bar'd;
 Nothing left to assist my wild Despair.
 Hah! what Wretch is this who ventures to sleep here?
 Now, by my Wrongs, the Pandar of the King;
 And can he sleep, quiet, secure and Fearless,

When

When I must never hope to rest again?
 Oh! ye impartial Powers, is it Just
 That Guilt should be at Peace, when Vertue suffers?
 What's here? his Keys drop'd from his drowsie Hand:
 Had I a Murdering Heart, these wou'd instruct me,
 And with his Office I cou'd take his Life;
 But I have better thoughts, these set me free.
 Welcome Release: But whither shall I fly?
 No matter where my wandering Feet shall stray,
 Alas! the wretched cannot lose their way.

[Exit.]

The End of the second A C T.

A C T the Third.

S C E N E the Camp.

Enter the Governour, Julianus, Antonio, and Alvarez.

Jul. **T**HUS far our prosperous Arms drive back the Invaders.
Antonio, Worthy Youth, let me Embrace thee;
 Much Glory hast thou added to our Name;
 Thy early Valour Fires my Aged Heart;
 Again my Blood renews its sprightly round,
 When I reflect thy Veins run full of it.

Ant. Who wou'd not lose the last dear ruddy Drop,
 To merit praise from mighty *Julianus*?
 But I, of low Desert, unknown to Fame,
 Must Blush to be Commended.

Gov. Now by the watchful Genius of lov'd Spain,
 Throughout the Warlike course of Threescore Years,
 I sware I have not seen such forward Virtue:
 And to confirm thee, Youth, my Labouring Thought
 Does not alone produce the wind of praise,
 In confirmation of my Thoughts of him,
 I offer, what to me of all the World
 Is far most Dear, my Child, my only Daughter:
 The flattering Court has call'd her Fair, of that
 Be you the Judge; and this bold Truth I promise,

Her

Thou hop'st, vain King, I shou'd conceal my Wrongs;
 But I'll proclaim them both to Heaven and Earth;
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 Is far most Dear, my Child, my only Daughter:
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Her weighty Dowery shall exceed twice told,
The Richest Maids in *Spain*.

Ant. *Delia* has every Grace, is all Perfection,
Beyond what my unpolish'd Words can speak:
Yet the vast Honour *Antonio* must decline,
Nor offer there a Heart already fill'd
With the soft Charms of a young trusting Innocence;
Whom to betray wou'd stamp me for a Villain,
Blast all my Life to come with foul dishonour,
And soil the Lustre of my future Actions.

Gov. Again let me Embrace thee, generous Youth,
This freedom binds me yet more firmly thine;
Tho' not my Son, my Friend I'll ever call thee. [*Trumpets sound.*]

Jul. Hark! we are summon'd hence, the Trumpets call,
And *Spain's* important busie Hour draws nigh.
Remember, Fellow Soldiers, our great Cause;
We for our Mother Fight, our Native Country:
What Coward wou'd not Arm in such Defence?
The Invaders seem the cursed brood of Hell,
Distinguish'd from the rest of Human kind
By horrid Black, the Emblem of their Souls.
Oh! Friends, can ye have Patience to imagin
Your Wives and Daughters made a Prey to these,
And not boil o'er with manly Indignation?
Our Women fear to look upon the Monsters,
Yet must become their Slaves if we are Vanquish'd;
Slaves to their Pride, and to their Brutal Pleasure.
Our gilded Pallaces, and pleasant Gardens,
Will then be made a Kennel for these Dogs;
Whilst we with fruitless Rage, and idle Grief,
Behold our Temples Sack'd, and Rites Prophan'd.
By Heaven I'm pleas'd, for sure, methinks I see
A chearful Eagerness in every face.

Come on, the Charge is sounded, all's at Stake; [*Trumpets sound.*]
Be Valiant and we'll drive these *Africk* Fiends
Back to their scorching Sun and desert Sands.
Again! we come. Remember, Fellow Soldiers, [*Sound again*
Religion, Liberty, and Deathless Glory.

(*Exeunt all but Ant. and Alv.*)

Ant. Is not *Jaquez* yet return'd from Court?

Alv. Not yet. I wonder much at his delay.

Ant.

Ant. My Friend,
To thee let me complain and own my weakness,
How my Heart beats for the dear absent Mourner:
Amidst the hurry of this Warlike Day
Love will be heard, and *Margaretta* Sigh'd for.
My Soul is full of tenderness. If I fall,
As none is certain in the hour of Battel,
I beg thee to regard my Beauteous Wife;
Defend her Cause for thy *Antonio's* sake,
And let the Dear unborn possess my Fortunes.
Thou art a Witness of our happy Nuptials,
And canst at leisure tell the General all.

Alv. Away with these ill Omens.
Impartial Fate will Crown your Matchless Vertues,
Conquest, Life and Love all wait your Wishes,
Nor doubt my Faith, for I'm wholly yours.

Ant. 'Tis well: Now to our Troops, my *Alvarez*,
We'll not again Embrace till flush'd with Victory.

Alv. These Martial Sounds fire my high wrought Blood,
And animates my Soul to Death or Glory. *[Trumpets sound.]*

Ant. Oh! Love, be thou Propitious to my Prayer,
Be *Margeretta* safe I nothing fear.

Enter Jaquez.

Jaq. I think 'twas here, before the General's Tent,
My Lord Commanded me to wait his coming:
In every thing I have obey'd his Orders;
Antonio's and bright *Margaretta's* Letters
With care I have sunk deep in the swelling Flood.
How this will aid my Lord I cannot guess;
But 'tis enough for me, I have obey'd.

Re-enter Alvarez with his Sword drawn.

Alv. From the loud Shouts of Victory I fly
In search of the kind Oracle of Love.
My faithful *Jaquez*, welcome to my hopes:
Say, hast thou done as I directed thee,
And poyson'd lovely *Margaretta's* Soul.

Jaq. I have; and left her Pale with anxious Thoughts:

And

And if in her Letters she complain'd,
They're safe at bottom of the rapid Stream
That parts the City and the Camp.

Alv. Blest News!

But now my artful Engine we must haste,
The mighty Ballance is already turn'd,
A glorious Conquest hovers on our side;
If I not see her e'er *Antonio* reach her,
All my vain Cobweb Arts will be unravell'd.
Stay near this place, and when *Antonio* sees thee,
For he with fond Impatience seeks thee out,
Tell him his Wife was busie with the Ladies,
And had not time to write, but wish'd him safe;
Perhaps this may abate his fierce Desires,
And keep him here 'till I have gain'd my Ends.

Jaq. I shall be careful.

Alv. To redeem this stay,
I'll to the Battel, where the Cowards fly
Like scatter'd Leaves before the driving wind:
The General and his brave Veteran Bands
Are almost wearied with destroying. Hark!
That seems the Voice of an intire Victory.
Away, be diligent, and wait my call.

[*Trumpets sound.*
[*Exeunt severally.*

Some Moors cross the Stage as flying.
Enter Mullymumen and several Officers.

Mull. Descend thy Sphear, thou burning Deity,
Haste from our shame, go blushing to thy Bed;
Thy Sons we are, thou everlasting Fire.
We who are stamp'd with thy own gloomy Seal,
Which the whole Ocean cannot wash away,
Shall these cold Ague Cheeks, these smooth white Skins,
Whom Nature Moulds within her winter Cave,
And with a Palsie Hand paints o'er for show,
Shall these make us recoyle?

i Officer. Did we for this leave our Rich *Africk* Shoar?
With Troops innumerable as our Sands
March'd we unwearied o'er the barren Earth,
Hungry and Faint, yet with unbated Courage,
To be at last destroy'd like swarms of Insects.

Mull.

Mull. Where are we rang'd from our defeated Bands?
2 Officer. We seem to be among the Generals Tents,
 Where we may view the Luxury of *Europe*,
 And Curse our shameful Lot.

Mull. Ye partial Powers!
 What have these gaudy things, this puny Brood,
 To do with War and Fame?

Enter a Moor.

Moor. Oh! Mighty Prince,
 If you wou'd guard your Life, fly hence with speed:
 But for the heaps of Slain that barr their way,
 E'er this you had been lost.

Mull. Be dumb, thou Coward;
 Nor dare to whisper thy unmanly Fears;
 Turn from thy guilty flight and follow me:
 Tho' now I cannot lead ye on to Conquest,
 I yet can show ye how to Die.

1 Officer. Along, our Hearts are ready for the Sword,
 'Tis Glory that we fall with *Mullymmen*. [*Exeunt.*]

*After several Tunes of Victory, Enter Julianus, Governor, and
 Theomantius, Alvarez, and several Moors Prisoners.*

Jul. Add to the chearful Shouts of Victory
 The pleasing News that *Theomantius* Lives:
 When your tir'd Voices flag, that welcome Sound
 Will give new Breath to your reviving Joys:
 My *Theomantius* lives; again, repeat it
 Till Rocks and Streams catch the rebounding Eccho;
 Till Winds in gentle whispers greet *Jacinta*
 With the glad Tidings that her Lover comes.
 Think not, my noble Warriors, your neglected;
 I swear you Fought like the true Sons of Fame,
 Like *Spain's* blest Guardians, Bullwarks of your Country.
 But give me leave to ask this worthy Youth
 By what strange Miracle he was preserv'd;
 My Soul longs to be feasted with the Story.

Theo. Oh! 'tis too much, I can't deserve this Love:
 But you are *Jacinta's* Father, kind and good;

The generous Source of every God-like Vertue.

Jul. No more of this, but say how you escap'd
The fury of the *Moors*.

Theo. Sent by the King
With a bright train of eager youthful Warriors,
To guard the Coast, and drive the Invaders thence;
Not guessing half their Power we went too far,
And soon appear'd an easie destin'd Prey,
A trifling handful to their Numerous Bands.
The old Soldiers, of which we had not many,
Councell'd a safe Retreat, but were not heard.
The fiery Youth that rashly long'd for Action,
Who, fond of Fame, were prodigal of Life,
Rush'd heedless on the Foe: I blushing own
My self the foremost in the mad Attempt.
The subtle *Moors* gave our fierce Courage way,
And saw us fledge our Swords with many Deaths,
Till by the Wile we were encompass'd round.
Nor had we room to Fight and Fall like Soldiers,
But smother'd by the press of barbarous Slaves;
My self was found among the *Spanish* Youth,
Imagin'd Dead,
But lifted to the Air my vital Breath return'd.

Jul. Blest be the great auspicious Power that sav'd thee;
I am all wonder.

Theo. Soon they confin'd me.

For what Cause I was preserv'd, I knew not:
My wretched State deny'd all means of Comfort,
No way was left to let you hear I liv'd;
Yet I bore all in hopes of this kind Hour,
In hopes once more to fight by *Julianus*;
And once again to bless my longing Eyes
With fair *Jacintha's* Form: And Heaven was Gracious:
The Day of Battel came, and Fears fell on them:
In their confusion I was left unguarded,
I snatch'd the blest occasion and escap'd:
This Sword I borrow'd of a dying Soldier,
To whom it was a useless Burthen grown,
With it I forc'd my way through the vile Crowd
Who trembling fled from your Victorious Arm.
The rest you saw.

Jul. I found thee by my side,
And thought it was thy Genius fighting for me:
But trust me, Youth, I have not felt more Joy
Than when I grasp'd thee in my Iron Arms,
And found it was indeed my *Theomantius*.

Theo. Oh! happy change; my Soul is full of Bliss;
My Country sav'd, and by my noble Father;
Long have you given me leave to call you so;
And on that Name eternal Joys depend:
The nicer Forms of awful Love are past,
And my *Jacinta* now will glad my Heart
With most sincere Rejoycings for my Safety,

Jul. She will, my Son, for she has wept thee truly;
Grown mad with Grief, that scarce cou'd my Command
Keep her from Desperation.

Theo. Oh! Lead me to her.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antonio with Mullymumen and several Officers Prisoners.

Ant. Health to the General, and endless Glory,
And may the Foes of *Spain* be still like these,
Disarm'd and Bound, unable to destroy.
The War is at an end, fierce *Mullymumen*,
Who first urg'd this Invasion, is your Prisoner,
And waits your Pleasure.

Jul. 'Tis well, my noble Kinsman,
Thine was the Act, and thine be the Reward;
The King himself shall thank thee for this Service.
But seest thou here, *Antonio*?

Ant. *Theomantius*!

Theo. My dear *Antonio*!

[*They Embrace.*]

Jul. Raise thy dejected Eyes, thou haughty Moor,
Ill wert thou fitted for the doubtful Field,
If thou disdainst to bear the Chance of War:
Be not dismay'd, the King may spare thy Life,
And leave thee to repent thy rash Ambition.
I'll not upbraid thee since thou art in Bonds,
But treat thee like a Soldier.

Mull. I would thank you,
But Hatred and Despair restrain my Tongue.

When first I Landed on the *Spanish* Coast
 A thirst of Glory urg'd me to the War:
 This curst Defeat has made me hate your Country:
 The Legions I have lost I wou'd revenge:
 With burning Envy I behold thy Virtue.
 Even our Complexions are more near ally'd
 Than are our Souls.

Jul. No matter, surly Prince.
 Here, Guard them well, yet be your usage gentle;
 Teach them the difference of our Christian World,
 And force them to forget their brutal Tempers.

[*Exeunt the Moors Guarded.*]

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My Lord, a Messenger from Court desires admittance.

Jul. Quick let him Enter.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

Enter Lodovicus.

Lod. The King, great *Julianus*, greets you well,
 His waiting Scouts have given him an Account
 Of the Success of this Victorious Day:
 He thanks the Soldiers for their Loyal Courage;
 And his large Donatives shall well reward them,
 Besides the Plunder of the *Africk* Tents,
 Which he most freely gives them.

Jul. Sent he thee
 With needless Orders to direct the Soldiers?
 The King shall be obey'd, it is my Duty;
 But sure he'll leave the Discipline to me.

Lod. Then 'tis the Will of Potent *Rhoderique*,
 That you Decamp not far from hence, my Lord,
 No nearer to the City as your Loyal,
 Nor once approach the Court, till his Commands
 Have given you Licence.

Jul. I think we shall not, Sir.
 Go bear this Message to my Royal Master,
 I'll not dispute his Pleasure, but obey.

Lod. Next ———

Theo. Have you more Orders?

Lod. Next, he requires the Prisoners they be sent him;
 The Castle there is stronger to secure them.

Jul.

Jul. The King shall have them with convenient speed.
But prythee do thou leave us; 'tis most strange,
There's something in thee which offends.

Lod. Farewell.

[Exit bowing.]

Jul. My Prisoners! and not presented by my Hand!
What! not the poor Returns of Thanks and Praise
For all my Age has done! 'tis very hard;
'Tis my great Master's Will, and I submit.
Ha! what didst thou forget! unkind Old Man!
How cou'dst thou so neglect thy only Comfort?
I ask'd not of my dear *Jacinta's* Health,
The gentle Maid.

Theo. Forgive my Fears;
Is my ador'd *Jacinta* then at Court?

Jul. I left her there.

Theo. Alas!

Jul. Why sighs my Son?

Theo. I know not, Sorrow often comes uncall'd.

Ant. The General looks sad, let us revive him.

My Lord, I cannot bear to see you thus:
Disperse the Cloud that hangs upon your Brow,
Nor let the King disturb your sacred Peace,
Your Vertues cannot lose by his Ingratitude;
Not in *Spain's* ancient Annals can we find
A Chief like you, renown'd for noble Acts;
Fam'd *Julianus*, ever blest with Conquest,
The Soul of War and Darling of the Soldiers;
For you they'd sacrifice their Lives with Pleasure,
So wou'd we all.

Omnes. All.

Jul. Away, you are to blame;
Direct the Soldiers to obey the King,
It is their Duty, nor do I want their Service.
I pray you all retire, I wou'd be private:
Refresh your selves, and glad the wearied Army;
They want you.

Theo. How can we consent to go,
And leave our noble General in Sadness?

Ant. Rather let us disobey.

Jul. I intreat you,
I have Business in my Tent, I'd write to the King.

Theo.

Theo. All Peace and Happiness be ever yours. [Exit.]

Jul. Confine me from the Court; send for my Prisoners,
Are these the Honours I've thus hardly won?
Are these the Wreaths with which he decks my Brows?
How will my faithful Soldiers bear the Wrongs?
But I'm hush'd, for where's my boasted Loyalty
If with my Murmurings I upbraid the King?
Perhaps he means me Favour in this Business,
And to appear at Court so soon after this Action
Might, by the Crowd, be thought too Popular.
He is most wise, and I condemn my self,
For he has given me Safety in this Banishment;
Again my Prisoners may be safest there.
Be gone, repining Thoughts.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My Lord,
A Moorish Lady, who has suffer'd Wrong,
Presses to your Presence.

Jul. Haste and admit her. [Exit Soldier.]
I have a Daughter of that lovely Form,
Remembring her, more dear to me than Life,
Even all her injur'd Sex claim my Protection:
And when I have told my Conquest to the King,
My Child, my poor *Jacinta* then shall know
That, for her sake, I did a Pious Act.

*Enter Jacinta disguis'd in a Moorish Habit, Veil'd
and as weeping.*

Thy mournful Look calls up Compassion in me;
Thou seem'st a Statue meant to express Despair.
Why kneel'st thou? Art thou wrong'd?
Name me the hated Author,
And, tho' he be my Kinsman or my Friend,
Death shall divide him from us and revenge thee.

Jac. Oh! my dear Father!

Jul. Thy Father, who has wrong'd him?

Jac. A great Commander.

Jul. Under me?

Jac.

Jac. Above you.

Jul. Who's above a General?

None but the King, the mighty *Rboderique*;
He wou'd not wrong thy Father.

Jac. What was *Tarquin*?

Jul. An Imperial Ravisher.

Jac. Such an one
Was in those Days a Monster.

Jul. Pr'ythee be plain.

Jac. Have not you, Sir, a Daughter?

Jul. If I have not
I am the wretchedst Man that this Day lives,
For all the Wealth I have is hoarded in her.

Jac. Then hear my Woes for that lov'd Daughter's sake.

Jul. Rise and speak them.

Jac. No, let me kneel still;
Such a Resemblance of a Daughter's Duty
Will make you mindful of a Father's Love.

Jul. Trust me, it shall:
So nearly does thy Voice resemble hers,
That see, already I have caught thy Grief.

[Weeps.]

Jac. Then call your utmost Reason to your Aid,
Arm you with noble Patience, and regard me.
Say your Daughter,
By some curst Hand was drag'd to Violation,
Think if you see her torn from her Apartment,
Her loosen'd Hair wound round the Villain's Hand,
Calling in vain on Heaven and her Father,
Her tender Bosom bruis'd, her Garments rent
With struggling to escape the foul Dishonour;
Think if you saw her kneeling on the Earth
Imploring Pity of those cruel Monsters,
More savage than the Beasts that hunt in Forests,
Think that you saw them bear her through the Pallace,
Deaf to her Prayers, her Tears, her Threats and Cries,
And yielded her up a Prey to raging Lust,
How wou'd you bear this Scene, or how Revenge it?

Jul. Oh! 'tis too hard a Question to resolve
Without a solemn Council held within;
Where Justice, Honour and paternal Love
Might weigh this Wrong and guide my erring Rage.

Jac.

Jac. Say this was done by him you most revere.

Jul. Thou shak'st my Soul as it were so indeed,
And not a Figure artfully design'd
To alarm my Thoughts, and move my aking Heart,
To a more tender sense of thy Misfortunes.
What canst thou Mean?

Jac. See here the injur'd, ravish'd, lost *Jacintha*, [*Throwing up her Veil.*
The blotted Relict of a ruin'd Maid;
Pity my Shame, and spare my faultring Tongue
The hated repetition of my Wrongs.

Jul. Horror, Amazement, and Destruction seize me,
My Brain turns round, and my full Eyes run o'er:
Oh! quick prevent a Traiterous Suspicion,
Destroy the Embryo e're it grow too Powerful,
And name that Enemy to the King and me.
Why do'st thou pause?

Jac. In pity to your Age,
That yet a moment you may calm your Grief,
With thinking o'er the Glories of your Life;
Your constant Valour and unshaken Loyalty;
The numerous Trophies of your active Youth,
And this last Triumph of your hoary Age:
For when you have heard who 'tis has done this deed,
You will repent the Honours you have won,
And wish unacted all your Toils of War;
Thus cruelly Rewarded.

Jul. 'Tis too much, I cannot bear this torturing Suspence;
Name me the Villain and relieve my Doubts.

Jac. The ungrateful King, 'tis he has wrought this Ruin:
The King, for whom so often you have Conquer'd,
Has all your faithful Services repaid
With brutal Wrongs, eternal Infamy,
And never ceasing Woe.

Jul. Oh! gnawing Anguish!
Saidst thou the King? then all revenge is lost,
And we must bear our heavy load of Shame:
Tamely as Cowards I must bear this Wrong;
Nor once attempt to wash thy Stains in Blood.

Jac. Oh! let the Grave receive me,
From the sad Eyes of an indulgent Father,
Whose Heart bleeds for my Sufferings.

Jul.

Jul. Rise *Jacintha*,
 And let me pour my Soul in Fondness o'er thee;
 Down ye tumultuous Thoughts that rack my Brain;
 It is the King, let that controul your Fury:
 Alas! My Child, I had almost forgot
 Thy *Theomantius* lives.

Jac. Malicious Stars!
 He lives but to augment my Sufferings;
 Had he been dead, he had not known my Shame:
 What tho' he lives, he never can be mine:
 No more my Eyes with Pleasure must behold him,
 From all the Joys of Life and Vertuous Love,
 From all the Comfort which glad Nature yields,
 The King, the Cruel King has cut me off,
 Hatred and Rage have now possess'd my Thoughts
 And all to come is Horror and Despair.

Jul. O! Had I list'ned to thy juster Fears,
 All had been well;
 Into my Inner Tent retire a while,
 Till I shall call thee forth.

Jac. Let me go
 From whence I never may again return.
 Where shall I find a Place to shroud my Shame?
 To Rocks, to barren Desarts let me fly,
 To dusky Caverns, far from humane Sight,
 To solitary Groves whose untrod Paths
 Are dark and silent, as are those below,
 Where gloomy Poplar and the baneful Yew
 Compose a dismal Shade, fitting my Woes;
 Where Bats and Owls build their aboding Nests,
 And Adders crawl on the unwhollome Ground:
 There undisturb'd let me indulge my Grief,
 Till Death appears and brings me wish'd Relief. *(Exit to the Scene.)*

Jul. Now let me think, tho' Thought be worse than Hell;
 Suppose I shut this darling Riffled Maid
 Within a living Tomb, some Pious Cloyster,
 And bury my great Master's Fault in Silence;
 So he perhaps may boast him of my Injuries,
 And glory in the tame old Man's Destruction;
 So, he might give a Loose to lawless Power,
 Nor Wives, nor Daughters, be they young and fair,

Can then escape his vicious Appetite ;
 No, Ill proclaim his barbarous Violence,
 Yet still preserve his Person and his Throne :
 Amidst his Parasites I'll force my way,
 Set all his numerous Crimes before his Eyes
 And make him loath the Vices he has acted.
 Who waits there ? Let the Commanders enter.

Enter Theomantius, Antonio, Governour, Alvarez and Attendants.

Which of you all in this mistaken Croud
 Hail'd *Julianus* happy. Oh my Friends !
 There stands upon this narrow Space of Earth
 A Wretch more curs'd, more press'd with Misery
 Than ever yet your pitying Eyes beheld.

Theo. Then Fate must be unjust and *Spain* ungrateful ;
 Thro' all the various Turns of busie Life,
 Still have you trod the unerring Paths of Virtue.

Ant. In War the great Protector of your Country,
 In Peace the blest Example of all Good,
 Then can you be unhappy ?

Alv. Oh ease our Hearts,
 And let us know from whence this Grief proceeds.

Ant. A swift Redress shall banish all your Cares,
 And Joy shall be restor'd.

Gov. If from the King
 You have receiv'd a base Indignity,
 As by his Messages we faintly guess ;
 Know, all the Forces are at your Command,
 The Nation you've redeem'd is wholly yours.

Theo. And Reason must be taught luxurious *Rhoderique*,
 If he betrays he wants it.

Ant. With our Lives
 We will defend our glorious General,
 Tyranny shall not reach him.

Jul. Nephew hold,
 That guilty Voice offends that leads to Treason,
 Said'st thou I should not suffer Tyranny ?
 Alas, Alas, who can secure the Wretched ?
 It is not in the Power of Gracious Heaven
 To heal my Sorrows, Oh perfidious King !

Theo.

Theo. Still keep your Prisoners (sight of his Command.

Jul. Oh! were that all, how calmly cou'd I bear,
How easily resign this high Command,
My footy Prisoners and these useless Trophies,
Had all the Malice of inveterate Stars
Been only wreck'd on my devoted Head,
Had I alone sustain'd this shock of Fate,
Without a Murmur I had born the Load;
Had *Rhoderique* pursu'd me as an Enemy,
Confin'd me to a horrid loathsome Prison,
And gall'd me with vile ignominious Chains,
Yet I had born it all with constant Patience,
Sat down beneath his Wrath and blest'd the Tyrant.
But he has found a way to wound my Soul,
That from my aged Eyes draws Floods of Tears,
And from my Tongue extorts unwilling Curses,
I had but one weak Part, a beauteous Woman,
To whom Nature has been lavish of her Graces,
And Heaven given bright untainted Honour,
Which in her Fathers Absence——

Theo. Ye Sacred Powers!
Guard my *Jacintha's* Virtue.

Jul. No Power wou'd. *(Goes to the Scene, brings Jacintha in.)*
Here, fellow Soldiers, view this Fair undone,
This mourning shadow of departed Fame,
This bosom Treasure of a poor old Man,
Abus'd and blotted with foul Stains of Lust,
By the ungrateful King, in whose long Service
I am grown antient, wither'd and decay'd.
Behold her thus disguis'd to find her Father.

Theo. *Jacintha!*
Are these the soft Delights I hop'd at meeting?
Wou'd I had died indeed among the *Moors*.

Jac. Shame and Confusion choak my rising Words,
And Woes like mine are not to be express'd:
Oh! *Theomantius*, turn away thy Eyes
From viewing my Dishonour.

Theo. Fair suffering Saint,
Forbid me not to gaze upon thy Beauties,
They and thy noble Mind are still the same,
Sublime and Chast, unscullied by the Tyrant,

That Robber, that curs'd Bane to all my Joys:

Ant. What now, Alas is *Margareta's* Fate—

Alv. Perhaps the same.

Ant. Stop thy ill-boding Words,
And let us hasten and prevent the Tyrant.

Alv. I lose my Aim, or I am there before you; *(aside.)*
You have forgot we are forbid the Court.

Theo. What is it guards our Arms from just Revenge?
Come on, and let us rush upon the Tyrant,
Tear him from his voluptuous Seat of Power,
And show the Monster bare, the Beast of Rapine.

Ant. The Curse of Spain and Burthen of the Throne.

Theo. Oh lov'd *Jacintha*, thou art still my Wife,
As such I will revenge thy barbarous Wrongs,
Thy Godlike Father made thee mine by Promise,
And with the Ravisher's Blood I'll wash thy Stains,
Then take thee to my Arms.

Jac. Forbear, forbear.

Nor ever let such Sounds approach my Ears,
Judge not so poorly of the lost *Jacintha*,
To think I'll bring Pollution to thy Bed,
With Sadness and the Grave I have made a Contract,
And with my Life alone my Griefs must end.

Gov. Why seems our mighty General lost in Thought,
Since here are ready Hearts and Hands to serve you?

Theo. Let us set free the Prisoners of War,
And joyn with them against the adulterous King;
He has abus'd the Royal Dignity,
And must resign the gilded Reins of Empire
To one more worthy.

Jul. Hold that impious Breath,
What unseen Ills has headlong Rage brought on me!
When vilest Treason to my Face is uttered;
Tho' *Roderique* has acted most ignobly,
Yet still he is a King, and we his Subjects:
I urg'd my Wrongs, and meant that he shou'd know it,
By Fear and Shame to bring him to Remorse,
And guard his Royal Soul from future Crimes;
If I shou'd fail in this, which Heaven forbid,
I dare not lift my Sword against my Sovereign,
Much less shou'd any here, you are not injured,

Mine is the Wrong, and I must learn to bear it,
While you retain your Duty to your King.

Theo. I have no Duty now, nor no Allegiance,
My ruin'd Love calls loud for speedy Vengeance.
All that revere the glorious General,
And wou'd not see his Honour trampled on,
All that are touch'd with chaste *Jacintha's* Wrongs
Follow me, and to the list'ning Soldiers
Let's speak our Resolutions.

Ant. Thus with drawn Swords we'll seek the Ravisher,
While trembling Guilt the Source of Cowardice
Shall yield him to his Fate.

Jul. Where are my Troops?
Have I no Power left to stay this Outrage?
My faithful Soldiers they will yet obey me,
And guard these thoughtless Traytors from Perdition.

Theo. Not one will stir but to revenge their General;
Let them look on that lovely ruin'd Temple,
Where Innocence and Virtue sat inshrind,
Then bid a Whirlwind stop its giddy Course,
Or bid the Sea restrain its flowing Tide,
For these your Voice much sooner might command,
Than the fierce Rage of your offended Soldiers.

Jul. Ha, by my Honour, which abhors this Treason,
My own Arm shall execute what they refuse;
Now let me find but one audacious Rebel,
That dares oppose my Will and aid this Madness,
I swear that Man whose Weapon's left unsheath'd,
My Sword shall find a Passage to his Heart.

Jac. Oh hold my Father, Oh my Friends forbear,
Or rushing thus between the lifted Points
Let sad *Jacintha* find a Fate most welcome.

Theo. Lovely Sufferer, 'tis thy matchless Charms
That fire thy *Theomantius* to revenge.
Come on my Lords, let's leave the General,
And shew our Cause was just by our Success. (*Exeunt all but Jul.*)

Jul. Why thus untimely didst thou bar my Fury? and *Jac.*
Oh, my Child, thou Period to my Fame,
Thy Fate has every way undone thy Father.

Jac. Then sheath your Sword in this unhappy Breast,
But do not look thus cruelly upon me;

Behold

Behold me prostrate, crawling on the Earth,
 All that my lifted Eyes and Hands implore,
 All that I hope and wish is only Death;
 When I am moulder'd into native Dust
 All will again be well, the King be safe,
 My Wrongs no more shall wake the sleeping Vengeance,
 Rebellion shall be still as my Complaints,
 Bury the hateful Story in Oblivion,
 And Peace and Glory will again revive.

Jul. Rise wretched Woman: no, thou hast much to do
 Before the peaceful Grave receives thy Sorrows,
 Thy gentle Power may yet prevent this Storm,
 Thy *Theomantius* loves, then quick pursue him,
 Calm his wild Rage, and I'll restrain the rest.

Ye Powers, why was long Life miscall'd a Blessing?
 Why from a Train of glorious Ancestors
 Was that rich Jewel Fame committed to me?
 Why did I husband and improve the Stock
 Ev'n to the highest Pitch of dazzling Glory?
 Unweary'd with my Toils, in youthful Spring,
 In full blown Summer and in ripen'd Autumn,
 Still the full Vintage came and crown'd my Wishes,
 Not grizled Winter check'd the warm Pursuit,
 But Oh, how vainly does the Heroe boast
 That Honour which so many Dangers cost
 So many Years, thus in one Moment lost.

Exeunt.

The End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

Enter Margaretta.

Marg. **O** H Jealousy, busie tormenting Fiend,
 Where didst thou lurk? Where was thy dark Abode,
 Before thou entred'st here to wreck my Peace?
 Sure in some Place where only Horrors dwell,
 Where Furies howl and pointed Scorpions sting,
 Where anxious Thoughts for ever banish Sleep,
 And false Suspicions still are murmuring round,
 Where after Death the guilty are confin'd:

Oh,

Oh, no, for there is everlasting Hate,
 And thou canst only be where Love exists;
 For thou indeed art Love, but Love diseas'd,
 Madness and restless Pain to all that know thee.
 No Word, no Friend come yet from my *Antonio*,
 To give my labouring Mind a Dawn of Ease,
 What's poor *Jacintha's* Fate I cannot guess,
 Thus shut from humane View I nothing know.

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. Hail beauteous *Margaretta*,

Mar. *Alvarez* here,

Then my sad Eyes again behold a Friend,
 What News from War, is my *Antonio* safe?

Alv. The *Moors* have yielded to our conquering Arms.

Mar. Unkind, why tell'st thou me of Foes subdu'd?
 Blasted be all your Laurels, all your Triumphs,
 If my lov'd Heroe lives not to partake them.

Alv. He lives in perfect Health and boundless Joy,
 The foremost Palm was his.

Mar. Now Blessings on thee,
 New Life thou bring'st me and new kindling Pleasures
 But now, and I was shaded with Despair,
 Thou hast dispers'd the Cloud and cheer'd my Heart,
 Ha, I minded not thy sad dejected Posture,
 Thy folded Arms, thy Eyes bent to the Earth,
 As if they sullenly forbid my Transport:
 Oh *Alvarez*, forbear to give me Fears,
 Enough of Grief I have already felt,
 Compel not the Return of torturing Doubt.

Alv. Command thy self thou loveliest of thy Sex,
 With Mercy too forgive.

Mar. Forgive, what, whom:
 'Tis as I fear'd, be still my boding Thoughts,
 Why do you whisper Ruin to my Love,
 And by these hopeless Pangs forestal Despair?
 Why do I shake before I hear my Fate?
 Oh give me Ease and quickly tell me who
 The wretched *Margaretta* must forgive?

Alv. Forgive your Husband, who implores your Pity,
 And swears by all the Ills he has endur'd,
 The loath'd Constraint his Destiny impos'd,
 The Flame your Eyes first lighted in his Breast,

Still lives and burns with unabated force,
And Reigns the Tyrant of his Days.

Mar. Yet go on,
Tho ! At each accent Nature fast decays,
And all the props of feeble Life are Sinking.

Alv. The General, whose will none dares dispute,
Much less *Antonio*, his peculiar Charge
Great *Julianus* Swore that it should be,
And he with Grief unwillingly Obey'd,
With secret Anguish and with stiff'd Shame
Against his Soul he Espous'd the beauteous *Delia*,
Nor durst refuse and plead his former Vows.

Mar. 'Tis Finisht.

She Faints.

Alv. Oh yield not to Despair.
By Heaven 'tis Joy, 'tis Extracy of bliss,
To hold her in my Arms, tho' cold and dying ;
My eager Fires have Warm'd her Back to Life.

Mar. Stand off, and give my boundless Sorrows way,
If I shou'd Tear these Robes, this Hair, this Breast,
Cou'd *Alvarez* Condemn my just Distraction ?
Oh, is it Possible to bear this Wound ;

Antonio False, then Vertue is no more,
He that has Flatter'd, and out-Sworn his Sex,
As far as ever they did Sacred Truth,
Witness ye Lowring inauspicious Stars,
That with unlucky Beams behold our Nuptials,
And you superiour Planets, Sun, and Moon,
All, all have heard his Vows, and seen him False.

Alv. Yet I have more to say.

Mar. The rest is needless,
What canst thou tell me beyond Misery ;
Am I not Curst, is not my Portion full ?
What then Remains, but to Despair and Dye.
Let me Indulge that Thought, I like it well,
Death is the Gentle Remedy of Grief,
That only Path is open to my view
That can Conduct me to Eternal rest.

Alv. The Bridegroom Mourns and bends his pensive Head,
Nor can he force one Smile to Grace his Nuptials,
His Sighs and Watry Eyes too plain betray
The Inward Anguish of his bleeding Love,

With

With conscious blushes he Implor'd my aid,
 And as his long tried Friend urg'd me to see you
 And soften this Relation 'ere he came.
 He owns his Crime, tho' much Compel'd to Act it
 And durst not Write till you Resolve to Pardon,
 He invokes the soft befriending Powers of Love
 And all the fierce disposers of Revenge,
 To Punish, as they ought, his horrid Perjuries
 If still he loves you not as dear as ever,
 He holds you still the Darling of his Soul
 And begs you'll Condescend to share his Fortunes.

Mar. Can he believe I will, on such base Terms?
 Am I not-Born even Noble as himself?
 And dares he offer me his odious Pensions?
 To what obscure retreat art thou to Guide me,
 Where to Conceal his Crime and my Disgrace
 This Wretched Burthen of my teeming Womb,
 This Unborn Babe, may be in stealth brought up
 By a vile Name to my great Race unknown.
 Oh I shall Rave! 'tis not to be supported:
 All that is Soft and Gentle in my Nature,
 This most unequal'd Wrong has quite destroy'd.
 Warm with my Rage, I'll seek this Unjust Rival,
 And Thro' a Thousand Wounds let forth her Guilt,
 And Glut my Soul with Vengeance.

Alv. Fruitless Design,
 Is the not Compass'd Round with Faithful Friends.
 Nay think, should you Proclaim your Injuries
 And he disowns the Charge, who wou'd believe?
 Who would you bring to listen to the Story,
 And Judge it other then the Effects of Phrensie.
 Few favour helpless Innocence.

Mar. Most true,
 Oh ready Mischief, thou art quick of thought,
 My beating Heart begins to Calm apace,
 I am a Woman, a much injur'd Woman,
 But I will Learn to bear my load of Woe.
 Shall I not see him more, is that Deny'd?

Alv. 'Tis what I wish'd to hear, now *Venus* aid me, (Aside.
 It was his own request that you wou'd see him,
 The important Blessing which he bad me sue for.

Stern *Julianus* has most Rashly Sworn.
 Sure Death to all who this Night leave the Camp,
 Yet your *Antonio* will not Fear to Come :
 He'll Steal through dreadfulest Shades to those lov'd Arms,
 Soon as 'tis Dark, Expect him here.

Mar. 'Tis well,
 Which way gain'd you admittance to this Place ?
 The Governour *Lothario* is my Friend,
 By his unquestion'd Power, since you permit,
Antonio too may pass, but in Disguise,
 For if he speaks, or if a look be known
 'Tis Certain Fate, the General is fix'd.
 Behind this Lodging there's a dark Alcove,
 And thither I'll Convey him, hold my Heart :
 Perhaps I yet may bring him back to Vertue
 For Marrying Twice, my Lord, to me appears
 With all the horrors of Presumption, Sin.
 Sure 'tis affronting Heaven, whose sacred fears
 Are thus profan'd to aid their vile Designs.

Alv. Now you think Calmly.

Mar. Oh I have Consider'd,
 Passion is Madness, and am well at Peace.
 What Hour will Lord *Antonio* design to come,
 And bless his Widdowed Slave.

Alv. At Ten Exactly.

Mar. Here he shall find me, ready to receive him ;
 And er'e the Ruddy streaks of Day appear,
 Oh *Alvarez*, thou shalt confess my Power,
 And own, no Doting, no deluded Woman,
 E're parted with the charming Man she Lov'd,
 The dearest only object of her Wishes
 With half that ease as I, no more, good Night,

Alv. Good Night, and may you be for ever Blest.
Jaquez come forward.

Exit Mar.

Enter Jaquez.

Jag. Have you succeeded.

Alv. Beyond my hopes, Invention now I thank thee,
 There was no other way but this to gain her,
 Had I not Wound her up to Jealousie,

Her

Her Lofty piercing sense, quick at Inquiry,
 Had found me out and baffled my Attempt,
 Now she her self Conducts me to my Bliss.
 Oh Love be kind, and give me once Possession,
 The Consequence I leave to Hell or Fate.

Jaq. This busie Night will favour Thefts of Love,
 None are at Leisure to observe the Amorous.
 Both Court and Camp are all in loud Confusion
 The King by *Theomantius* is proclaim'd
 A Tyrant and a Brutal Ravisher,
 The Croud as ever wont, embrace Rebellion;
 And vow Revenge, the General Raves in Vain.

Alv. No Matter, Let Destruction Rage and Reign;
 Even in the midst of Ruin I'll Possess:
 And if it must be so, then Perish Pleas'd.

Jaq. See the King and Court.

Alv. Let us avoid them;
 And do thou hast and get me some disguise;
 Oh lovely *Margaretta* bless my Hopes,
 Kindly receive, then and forgive the Villain
 Thy Eyes have made, till I their Beauties saw,
 I never swerv'd from Honours rigid Law.

(*Exeunt*)

Enter King, Clothario and Guards.

King. Hopest thou to Live, unthinking Lump of Negligence,
 That durst be Careless of the Charge I gave?
 Couldst thou not Guard a Woman from Escape?
 A Man had look'd thy Coward Soul to fear,
Jacintha had not Courage to outbrave thee;
 That Angelorm.

Clo. If your Majesty.

King. Forbear thy vile Excuse, nothing shall save thee.
 Brings not her Flight inevitable Ruin.
 By this the haughty General Rages High,
 And well I know to expect the black event.
 Had the wrong'd Fair remain'd with in our Power
 I might have found some soft auspicious Moments,
 To have sooth'd her Injuries and fix'd my Joys.
 But thou, ill-fated Wretch, hast blasted all.

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Enter Lodovicus.

Lod. Oh Royal Sir!

King. Why is thy Pale disorder!
Express thy self as it becomes a Man.

Lod. Theomantius is revolted.

King. Thou Dream'st his Dead.

Lod. He lives, and heads the Vanquish'd Moors against you,
And brings them on even to your Palace Gates
Aloud he does Proclaim *Jacintha's* Rape,
And by his manly Rage and moving Grief,
He augments the Fury of the kindling Soldiers:
The Storms at Hand.

King. Living, and joyn'd the Moors!
Then Shame and sure Destruction comes a pace
And *Julianus*, he foment's the Uproar,
And stands the formost in this Curst Rebellion;
Old venerable Traytor.

Lod. You wrong him much.
Tho' injur'd most, he only scorns the Name.
Ore-whelm'd with Grief, he runs amidst the Croud;
Commands, Exhorts, Conjures, but all in Vain:
Tears off his Hoary Hair, and lues with Tears;
His wondrous Virtue moves the Sons of War,
But against his Will, he moves them to Revenge.

King. By Heaven the Slave is Eloquent on Ruin.
Well, if my setting Hour be fix'd above
In vain I struggle for a longer Date:
Why are we flatter'd with a Mimick sway,
Why made to think whole Armies wait our Nod;
In them our Strength, and not our safety lies,
This glaring Ill fers my past Faults in view,
But I'll disdain to own I've done amiss,
Resolv'd I'll be my self, and brave my Fate.

Elo. Wou'd I had Courage too, we all shall want it.

King. Guard well the Avenues that lead to the Castle,
My self will sally forth and face this Tempest.
The Moon is Rising, and will Guide my Arms,
Who knows what Fortune may attend my Steps
The Face of Majesty may awe the Slaves,

And

And Teach those Daring Wretches, Born our Subjects,
To know their Duty, and Return to Mercy,
And force the Conquer'd *Moor* to Reassume
The Slavery this Morning Sun impos'd.
All that have Hearts follow me.

Clo. 'Twas your Command that I shou'd Guard the Castle.

King. See that thou dost it well, thy Fates deferr'd
Come on, your King Commands, and Country pleads
Spain is no more, the Hour that *Roderick* bleeds. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alvarez disguis'd.

Alv. 'Tis Dark as my own Thoughts, this is the Hour
And this the Place where *Margaretta* meets me.

Oh Expectation, thou uneasy Blessings
Thou Fuel to desire, thou Restless Doubt,
Thou Painful Rack to every eager Wish,
Thou heavenly Prospect in the Dawn of Love?
Ha! What Noile is that? be still my Heart,
Nor swell, nor beat before thy time.

Enter Margaretta.

Mar. He's Come.

I Hear the Traytors Voice in distant Accents.
So soon arriv'd——*Antonio.*

Alv. Softly, The same.

Mar. Lend me your Hand that I may Lead you in.

Alv. 'Tis here, my Life.

Mar. Oh! you are strangely Welcome, *(Leads him in and re-enters with a*

Mar. Already he's disarm'd and laid to rest! *Light and Dagger*

Now for my Purpose, to perform a Deed
Which but to think some Fleeting Hours since,
Had turn'd me to a Statue. Wondrous Change!
This Taper when the direful Blow is given
Shall Light him to behold this trembling Murderess,
Pale with my Wrongs and Ghastly with Revenge,
I'll Fright his Guilty Soul to late Repentance,
And force him, dying, to Confess my Justice,
Then sickly light shroud thy Faint Beams for ever,
Let Darkness and Oblivion wrap me Round:
Tho' much I fear my Blood will prove too Vile
To Wash the Stain of my Polluted Hands,
Puer or impure the Purple Tide shall Flow,

How

How ill this Dagger suits my Coward Mind :
 And whither wou'd my Impetuous Rage direct it ;
 To my *Antonio's* Heart, Oh ! alter'd Love,
 Why Name I Love, is he not basely false
 Will not the Babe that Trembles in my Womb
 Bear all it's Mothers Shame, and Curse it's Birth,
 But that in Pity I'll prevent its being,
 And save its little Head from pointed Woe.
Antonio Dies, and I pursue his Shade
 And Justifie the Stroke to Worlds above.
 Yet stay, a Moment longer let me Pause ;
 It cannot be, 'tis Madness to Imagine ;
 Can I consent to Murder my own Soul,
 For such *Antonio* was. Oh ! fatal Sound.
 He was, but is no more, to me he's lost,
 Married again, another Claims his Truth.
 Now swift Confusion on the adultrous Villain
 The Rage of Injur'd Women Fire my Breast,
 And all the strength of Perjur'd Man assist me.
 He Dies !

Enter Antonio.

Ant. What do I see ! Impossible
 My beauteous Love prepar'd for Midnight Murder.
 Is it the King ! look up my *Margaretta*,
 Thy Husbands Come to Guard thee,

Mar. Oh !

(She drops the Dagger.)

Ant. What ails my Love ? my ever gentle Goddess
 Why art thou thus ?

Mar. From whence art thou ?
 And by what Magick art, standest thou before me
 To Wound my Wretched Eyes ?

Ant. Oh ! answer me,
 Why wer't thou Arm'd like a destroying thus.
 And why that Tragick sound pronounc'd, he dies ?
 Who is thy Enemy ?

Mar. Oh needless Question !
 One whom of all Mankind I least mistrusted,
 One who has Whisper'd thro' these Credulous Ears
 Words so soft they Trembled in the Utterance.
 One whose looks wou'd Charm the Nicest Virgins
 Kindle soft Wishes in a Vestals Soul,
 And Fire the Heart wrapt Round with Chilling Ice,

But

But he is false, perfidious, and forsworn,
And I Resolv'd to Kill him.

Ant. What means my Fair,
Hast thou a Friend so dear and I not know him?
It cannot be.

Mar. Poor Evader,
Look and observe me well, then Cure thy self.
To what a fatal precipice of Woe,
To what a Dismal prospect of Despair
Hast thou and thy ungenerous dealings brought me
My Nature Meek and Innocent as Doves,
Work't up by Wrongs was hurrying on to Murder
Oh how the Terrible Reflection Shocks me!
No, I'll no more attempt a Crime so horrid,
But Live *Antonio*, Live and Boast thy Perjuries,
But bear thee far away from my upbraidings,
Nor ever meet my Injur'd Eyes again.
Farewel Deceiver.

(Going.)

Ant. Stay, I Conjure you stay,
By all those Marriage Joys we have possess;
By my unalter'd Truth, my deathless Flame
Oh stay and solve this most unwelcome Riddle.
Resolve me why thou Greetest me in this Manner:
When stealing from the Inrag'd, tumultuous Camp
In search of thee, where Peace and sweet Delight
Where us'd to fix their Gentle Habitation,
But thou art alter'd quite, unkind and cruel,
To meet me after all my Painful toils
With Horror and Despair.

Mar. Have I not Cause?

Ant. By Heaven no, thou hast no Cause to Chide.
If to be made the Idol of my Thoughts,
The Constant Object of my longing Wishes,
The Tender business of my doating Life,
If these be cause of Hate then I am Guilty.

Mar. Yet poorly you cou'd quit me for another.

Ant. Quit thee. not the World's extended Empire
Shou'd Bribe me once to think of any other.

Mar. Have you not married *Delia*, Quickly fly
That Name again will wake my drousy rage.

What

Ant. What Villain has traduc'd my Honour.
By all that's good, by thy Bright self I Swear
I never saw the Lady, so Innocent
I've not the bare Idea of her Form.

Mar. Can this be Truth? or is it possible
That honest Look shou'd ere disguise a Falshood,
Did not you come this Night like an Adulterer?
And was not I as a Mistress to Receive you?
Denying to the World our Marriage Rites,
But I too Conscious of Pursuing Shame
Resolv'd thy Death, nor meant I to survive
But to have told the Story and have follow'd.

Ant. Unthought of Treachery! Oh *Margaretta*!
Cou'dst thou so easily believe me Guilty,
It was not well my Love!

Mar. Oh *Antonio*!
Were I now Convinc'd that thou wert True,
My Arms wou'd rivet thee to my beating Heart;
And I shou'd Die with the Excess of Joy:
But tell me quickly why thou didst Return?
Did I not Lead thee into yon' Apartment!
Where I design'd,
What wou'd have sunk me to the lowest Hell.
But tell me, did I not some Moments since
Conduct thee thither.

Ant. No, by Eternal Truth.
I with much Hazard just this Minuot found thee,
And came to bear thee from Wars raging Tumult
To friendly Refuge where thou mightst be safe.

Mar. What can this mean? or what shall I believe?
I only will believe in my *Antonio*,
I'll trust his charming Words and Banish Fear,
Oh let me hold thee!

Ant. My Wife, my dearest Blessing
Who is it has Impos'd upon thy Love?
Some lurking Villian, some designing Traytor
Whom my Sword shall find.

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. I have ore heard
And Come prepar'd to meet your threatening Justice.

Both. *Alvarez.*

Alv.

Alv. Yes *Alvarez*, who lov'd thee Fair one,
And being defeated will not Die alone,
What ! ho, Guards here, Treason, Murder, Treason.

Enter Guards, Clothario pushing them forward, Jaquez following at a distance.

Clo. Make way, that I may follow.

Alv. My Lord *Clothario*, such Discoveries,
Such Plots against your Royal Master's Life,
My Heart bleeds at the hated Repetition ;
This is *Antonio*, Nephew to the General,
Disguis'd, and waiting here to kill the King,
And revenge *Facinella's* Rape.

Mar. Ye sacred Powers !

Is poor *Facinella* ruin'd, who then will wonder,
To know we fell a guiltless Prey to Villany.

Ant. Vile Wretch, what hast thou meant by all these Forgeries ?
Why do I ask ? the meaning is too plain
Inimitable Slave.

Clo. Speak *Alvarez*,
Concerning these Assassins, these bold Traytors.

Alv. See there my Lord the murderous Dagger lies,
Which had not my auspicious Care prevented,
E're this, had reek'd with Royal Blood.

Clo. Curse Treason !
Seize, and to deepest Dungeons bear them both,
With eating Fetters bind their supple Limbs,
And load them to the Earth.

Ant. Yet hear me speak ;
For Death and Desolation are abroad,
The Tardy Vengeance is at last awake,
And Tyranny must fall, pursue thy Madness,
And blindly bind the Hands that shou'd preserve thee ;
Yet be a Man, and spare that Innocence.
Fright not her tender Nature with rude Chains ;
See that Arch Fiend looks with relenting Eyes,
And but for Shame wou'd ask her Liberty.
Hast thou no Mercy ?

Mar. Bind me, Bind me quick ;
Antonio's only mine and I am blest,

On dreadful Racks extend my shaking Limbs,
 My Soul shall be unmov'd now he is true,
 To darkest Dungeons bear me, see I'm ready,
 Upon the Floor I'll kneel, and on my bosome
 With softest Words, I'll Lull his piercing Sorrows:
 Oh! 'tis impossible to be unhappy,
 Thus thus to Die together.

Alv. Together, what the Traytor, and the Traytress,
 Part them I charge you, it concerns your Safety,
 Whilest they are plotting, *Roderiquez* is in Danger.

Clo. And with him all his Friends, to
 several Dungeons force them.

Alv. Distant as possible.

Ant. Most abject Villain,
 But wait thy just reward, thou canst not miss it;
 I scorn to waff another breath upon thee,
 My ever charming Love, submit to Hate,
 And bear these Sufferings with Heroick Mind:
 Be sure there is a Providence can save us;
 Then Hope the best, and know I live in thee.

Mar. Be thou but comforted and I am Calm,
 Such joy dwells in thy constant Innocence,
 That Grief can find no Entrance to my Heart,
 The World shall own the Almighty Power of Love,
 That can exert a Woman to sustain,
 What boasting Stoicks wou'd have sunk beneath
 Another tender look, and then farewell.

Ant. Ye juster Powers Protect my lovely Wife,
 Soften her Jaylors with Humanity,
 And heap on me a double share of Woe,
 For thy dear sake I can endure, farewell.

Clo. Keep a strict Guard, the King shall know this Matter.

Jaq. In what a Gulph of black unfathom'd Ruin (Exit. *Ant.*
 Has my Lord plung'd himself. *Mar.* led off by the Guards

Alv. Unthinking *Jaquez*, with *Clothario*.
 On this thou fear'st, I build my happiness,
 Since my desir'd end is *Margaretta*,
 Obtaining her, I am compleatly Happy,
 With ease, I may prevail on dull *Clothario*,
 To quit his Charge, and let me be her keeper:
 This fain'd discovery has fix'd him mine;

Then

Then with unbounded Power I'll grasp my Prey,
 Enjoy and satiate every eager wish,
 And in one Act taste the united pleasure
 Of Love and towering Pride, by Heaven I'm pleas'd
 To get the better of contending Virtue,
 And by my well contriv'd successful Arts,
 Blast all the Dazling Glory's of *Antonio*.

Jac. Whilst Love is all your care, Fate has been busy,
 Slaughter this Night has fed her hungry jaws,
 And quench'd her thirst with streams of Spanish Blood,
 The *Affrick* Captives have reveng'd their bonds
 And Sacrific'd a Life to every Ghost,
 That fell this Morning from their Lighter seat,
 With hostile feet they trample round the Court,
 And only pass by this remotest Corner,
 Ha, that shout directs this way. *(Shout.)*

Alv. Scanty ——— niggard fortune,
 Why am I circled in so small a point?
 Why thus confin'd to such a narrow space?
 This hour must be mine, or all 's unrevell'd?
 Ha, again, 'tis time to fly the Storm. *(Shoots again.)*
 In this Confusion I may well believe,
 They small distinction make 'twixt Friend and Foe,
 And I'm not yet at leisure to be kill'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Theomantius, Mullymumen, Officers.

Theo. Courageous Moor, thy Sword has fought with Edge,
 Now Justice and Revenge both lead thee on,
 Twice at the Impious head of Roderique
 I rais'd the shining Steel, and twice drew back
 Conscious it was my King, I durst not strike,
 But left him to his Fate, and sought the herd
 Making wild havok 'midst his guilty Tanders,
 Say my ally is the loath'd Tyrant fallen,
 And is the Noble *Julianus* safe.
 For much incens'd, he fled from my intreaties
 And smote the Guards I sent to follow him,
 Say does he live.

Mull. The King my self took Prisoner,
 Which when the stormy *Julianus* saw,
 He curst his fruitless rage, the turns of Chance
 And fondly beg'd to share his Master's Bonds,

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I soon comply'd,

'Twill teach him to repent his thoughtless virtue,
And give us time to slay.

Theo. Forbid you Powers,
That awfull man, that hoary Piety,
Shou'd know one hours bondage, tho' he fought it:
Send, quickly send, and beg him to be free,
I'd fly to his Release, but well I know
His aged Cheeks wou'd glow with angry blushes,
To, be behold a Prisoner.

Mull. You are too blame
'Tis for the common safety most convenient.

Theo. Urge me not Warriour,
I'm not us'd to dispute where I Command,
Nor shall I now.

Mull. Small Power you boast o're me.

Theo. Be wise, and cancel not the Good thou hast done.
Do not destroy the Gratitude I mean thee,
Thou hast been brave, and I'll reward thy Valour,
Thou to thy Native *Affrick* shall return,
With half the Wealth of ever Plenteous *Spain*,
Each Soldier shall have worthy satisfaction.

Mull. Ha, was my Sword employ'd like a base Hireling
Us'd in necessity and then discharg'd,
I tell thee Prince not half the Wealth you speak of,
Nor half the Kingdom shall suffice my Ambition;
Know, tho' too late, I fought not on thy side,
For what had I to do with Spanish broils,
But as they serv'd the ends for which I came,
Which now I've Gain'd.

Theo. Be warn'd nor tempt thy Fate,
Tho' my Revenge has led me far, yet know,
Thou shalt not boast one Inch of Spanish Ground,
But what thou dearly Buy at with *Affrick* Blood.

Mull. Forbear thy Idle Vaunts, Mistaken Prince,
I now have learn'd your subtle Art of War,
And neither want thy Aid nor fear thy Arms,
Spain shall be all my own.

Theo. Ungrateful Moore,
Canst thou so soon forget thou wert my Prisoner.

Mull. No, I remember and I hate thee for it,

But for that Chance I might have been thy Friend,
Now I profess my self thy deadliest Foe,
And when you trusted me your Fate was angry,
And doom'd you to destruction.

Theo. Yet I am Calm.

Mul. Because thou dar'st not Rage,
'Twere bootless to contend with strength like mine,
Vain Prince, you meant me for a tool of War.
Short-sighted in the Depth of Politicians,
As such I have us'd thee, nor canst thou blame me,
Spain and *Jacinta*, now shall be my care.

Theo. Ha, my *Jacinta*, what will Fate do with me
Monster, thou canst not mean so black a thought;
Thinks thou perfidious Fiend, Hell's gloomy Agent,
Spain has forgot to fight, or Moors to fly,
That thus thou dar'st betray thy horrid purpose,
But Vengeance waits thee.

Mul. Swell on proud Enemy,
And raise thy boiling Indignation high,
To Urge thee to the last Extreame of Passion;
I am thy Rival, by thy sullen Stars,
Chose out to finish thy unhappy Fate;
I saw the Ravish'd Fair, when seeking thee,
She fearless rang'd the Bloody maze of Horror,
Calling in vain on Cruel *Theomantius*
The Moon shone fierce to Gaze upon her Beauties,
And lent her willing light to aid my view;
New kindling Fires glow'd within my breast,
I snatch'd her from the Dangers of the Night,
And sent her to her Father, well resolv'd,
When next we meet, to Claim her as my due,
For such she is.

Theo. Cease, Prophaner Cease,
Nor Name *Jacinta* any more I charge thee,
Base as thou art, restrain thy unhallowed Tongue,
Nor with polluted Breath sully her whiteness.
But draw, and meet my Anger as thou oughtest,
My Love and Honour both require thy Life,
And one of us must fall, 'tis so Decreed.
Ungrateful, Treacherous, Barbarian Prince,
Thus to reward who gave thee Liberty,

And

And ill us'd Power.

Mul. I Laugh at thy vain Fury,
Nor canst thou fright me from *Jacintha's* Arms,
I Love and will possess.

Theo. By Heaven 'tis false,
Empty as Air and vain as Childrens Dreams,
Are thy Ambitious hopes, thou talking Coward.

Mul. Coward.

Theo. What less, thou seest my ready Sword,
Yet thine is sheath'd.

Mul. I will not please thy Vanity,
Nor set vast Kingdoms like a Common Stake,
To be determin'd by a single Combate,
But to the Field again I brave thee Prince,
Thus let thy Soldiers try another Battle,
And if they dare, make good thy haughty Threats,
I shall expect thee.

Theo. Villain doubly stamp.
Yes, fear not, I will meet thee to thy Cost,
Spain's drooping Genious shall again arise,
And aid the Noble Justice of my Cause,
Soon as my faithful Legions shall hear this,
They'll blast thy thoughts of Empire and of Love,
Defeat thy Curst Ambition, give thee up.

A Sacrifice to glut my fierce Revenge.

Oh my *Jacintha*, I refus'd to see thee
Before I had reveng'd thy Injuries.

I fear I have been too blame, but I am coming
To obtain my Pardon, or at thy Feet Expire.

Where is *Antonio*, I have mis'd him long,
He fought not by my side as I expected,
Where the good Old Governour expir'd.

Oh Impious War! Oh fatal ill tim'd Treason!

I am involv'd, and now must wade thro' all.
Moore I defy thee, if the Powers are just,
They'll throw thee back to what thou merit'st most,
Dungeons and Chains rewards for Treachery.

Mul. Poor shallow Christian, thoughtless of thy danger,
I tell thee Youth, their lurks around thy shore,
Innumerable *Africans*, waiting my summons,
Which had I fallen, they never heard,

But

But safe return'd to their warm Native Soyle ;
Now a wing'd Messenger brings them swift as Wind,
To over-run, and to possess thy Country.

The. Dauntless I will oppose thy boasted Numbers ;
Who fears not Grimly Death, can Fear no odds.

Mull. Then let us draw our Squadrons up with Speed,
And try again the Doubtful Chance of Battle,
That thou may'st meet me with the highest Rage ;
Remember bright *Jacintha* is the Conqueror ;
Let that alarm thee.

The. Oh ! Doubt is not, away,
And know that Heaven and Hell as soon may joyn,
As such an Angel with a Fiend like thee :
Thus Traytors Learn their Folly, tho' too late,
And in their Sovereigns fall meet their own Fate.

Exeunt.

The End of the Forth Act.

A C T V.

SCENE, a Prison.

A dimm Lamp burning : Margaretta comes forward.

Mar. **W**hen shall I Wake from this long Dream of Misery ;
And shake off all these Horrors from my Soul :
Rape, Murder, Treason, wait and watch around ;
Each ready to Compleat my lingring Woes,
These Prison Walls are Melancholy Scenes,
For Eyes so Young, and so unus'd to Sorrows ;
Dwells there no genious in this dark abode,
Can whisper to my tender, longing Heart ;
Whether my Dearest Lord be yet Alive ;
Is there no Power, befriending virtuous Love,
Will waft my gentle Sighs to his soft Bosome ;
Breath in his Ears my Constant Vows and Prayers,
And Arm his faithful Breast with distant Hope :
Ha ! What unexpected Lights are these ?
That with a dismal glare Offend my Eyes,
Adding new Terrors, to this Place of Death.

Enter

Enter Alvarez disguis'd, follow'd by slaves with Torches.

Alv. Spain is no more, her Glory's set for Ever ;
Her Lofty Towers bend their Mourning Heads,
And deep within the Centre hide their Ruins,
Her Weeping Mothers, and her Praying Matrons,
Her trembling Virgins, all become the Prey
Of the Insulting Cruel, Curs'd, Barbarians ;
Fly *Margaretta*, e're these black Sons of Rapine
Rifle thy sacred Beauties.

Mar. Who art thou ?
More dreadful to my Soul, than those thou speak'st off,
Where is my Lord, Canst thou tell ought of him ;
If he is lost, I Choose to Perish here ;
Why shou'd I further drag, my load of Sorrow.

Alv. Oh, do not trifle pretious time in talk !
Your Faithful Lord Impatient of your Stay,
Waits for you at a Port, yet left unceaz'd,
But every Moment threatens Swift Prevention ;
Hast *Margaretta*, as you Love *Antonio* ;
Give me your Hand, Heaven favour our Escape.

Mar. Ha ! by the lighted Torches timely Light,
And by the fatal Voice it is *Alvarez* ;
Unhand me hated Villain, here I'm fixt,
Here rooted, firm as thy persisting Treachery ;
Approach me not ye Slaves, he Dies that comes.

Alv. Death, how they stand ;
As if they were Thunder-struck with empty Words,
come near ye Coward Slaves and bear her Hence.

Mr. Stand off base Wretch ; see I am arm'd for Violence :
This useful Steel, in the Pallace I secur'd, (*Struggles gets loose*
Lest I again might meet a Fiend like thee. *and draws a dagger.*

Alv. Ill fated Villany.

Mar. If thou Com'st on, that very Moment, know,
Of in thy Curs'd Bosome, or my own,
By all that's Chast, I'll plunge this ready Dagger ;
Tho' in the deed I do a double Murder,
And Kill an unborn Innocent.

Alv. let me think.

Mar.

Mar. Do if thou canst, think, and abhor thy Guilt;
Twice hast thou urg'd my unstain'd Hands to Murder,
To break all Laws, both Humane and Divine;
And canst thou yet resolve to send my Soul
I know not whither, to escape Pollution;
Where then, alas! Will be your fruitless Wishes,
When Ghastly Death, shall have defac'd my Form,
Then all your raging Fires will soon extinguish.

Alv. Your Words, and your undaunted Mind have Conquer'd,
Struck on my hardn'd Sense, and wak'd Reflection;
Be gone all thoughts of Love and brutal Force, *(Kneels.*
Here in deep Penitence let me ever Kneel,
To Heaven, and this offended Fair for Pardon,
But Oh! It is too much, too much to Hope:
Inspire her then ye Angry Juster Powers,
To strike my Guilty Breast, but Guard her Bosom,
Softer and Whiter than the falling Snow,
Pure as unspotted Christal, Chast as the Emerald
Now you are mine again.

(During this speech he Creeps insensibly nearer and nearer, till starting of a sudden he seizes her Hand, and wrests the Dagger.

Mar. Deceitful Fiend.

Stay, Oh, stay!

Alv. Not one doubtful Moment;
Thus will I bear my lovely destin'd Prize
Through towering Flames, or Thousand clashing Swords;
And pass undaunted to the Goal of Love.

Mar. Help, help, ye Powers, some help!

Enter Antonio and Soldiers.

Ant. It is my Love,
What Impious Slave has thus increas'd her Terrors,
I think my Sword has reach'd thee.

Alv. 'Twas well directed.

Ant. My dearest Wife.

Mar. My blest Deliverer,

Ant. Say, who again pursu'd thy Innocence.

Alv. A Worthless Wretch, that fain wou'd Die unknown,
But 'twill not be.

Ant. I know thee well, thou Villain;
And know thee, for the most unheard of Wretch,

The basest and the ripest for Destruction;
And 'twas most just in Fate, my Sword shou'd end thee.

Alv. It was. The raging Blood Flows out apace
And now I see my shame, and loath my self,
My Eyes grow dim in the thick Shade of Death,
And Horrid Visions press my ebbing Soul;
A Thousand ghastly Fantoms fleet before me,
Fruitless remorse, Confusion and Despair,
With all their knotted Scorpions Lash my Conscience.
Wou'd I had died in Battle, Oh forgive me.

Mar. I do, for now thou dost repent in Earnest.

Alv. Oh, take thy dazzling Beauties from my view!
Life, tho' in Anguish, lingers to behold thee;
But turn thy lovely Face, and I Expire. (Dies.)

Ant. He's gone, and what I cou'd not once have thought.
The Man I've call'd my Friend, and long Esteem'd
Companion of my Youth, and of my Fame;
Now weltring in his Blood, Slain by my Hand,
He merits not one Tear.

Mar. His Faults Die with him;
But tell me my *Antonio*, how cam'st thou
Like some blest Spirit, to my timely Aid,
When hope was lost.

Ant. Set free by *Theonantius*,
With careful hast I sought the Palace round,
Nor left a Slave unask'd till I had found thee;
Swift as the Wind, I flew to break thy Chains,
And Oh, ye Powers, I gave thee double Liberty.
But to what Refuge shall I bear thee now,
The *Moors*, alas! Surround us every way,
And this is near the Prison of the King,
Where most their rage will aim, Instruct me Heaven,
If Innocence and Virtue be your care;
Oh, hear a Lovers, and a Husbands Prayer!
Preserve my lovely Wife, and save me from Despair.

} *Exeunt.*

*Scene Draws, and Discovers an Inner Prison, from whence the
King comes forward.*

King. Down ye tormenting Thoughts, where wou'd ye drive me,
I stand already on the Verge of Madness;
Oh, alter'd State, no sign of former Majesty!

The

The fawning Throng that Worshipp'd at my Feet,
 And Watch'd the earliest Motion of my Eyes,
 Are now no more, Jaylors supply their places,
 With sternest Looks and rough ill manner'd Words,
 Instead of Flatterers, my Crimes attend me,
 And Gall my Memory with hated Truths;
 Hence ye unwelcome, numerous, Intruders,
 Saucy Companions of my Solitude,
 In vain I Banish what will still return,
 With added Strength, rebounding to my Torture;
 Lust, Rapin, secret Fraud, and open Violence,
 Ingratitude, thou every Vice in one,
 In all your hid'ous Forms I view ye now,
 And *Julianus* and *Jacintha's* Wrongs
 Are ever present to my haunted Fancy.

Enter Julianus behind him.

Jul. Who is it, in these Caves that lead to Death,
 Breaks the deep silence, with those Wretched Names?
 Speak what thou art, who kindly dost Lament
 Poor *Julianus* and *Jacintha's* Fate?

King. The General's Voice, fall, fall, ye Massy Pillars
 That Bear this House of Sorrow, fall and Crush me,
 Ascend ye sickly Vapours from below
 And quickly blast me with your baneful Damps,
 Convulsive Pangs, Life's Painful, latest struggle,
 When like the Drops on these unwholesome Walls
 Cold Clammy Dews, shall Bath my dying Limbs,
 Nor Death, nor Fear of Punishments behind
 Can Shock my Soul like *Julianus* Sight.

Jul. If Grief has not too far Confus'd my Sense,
 Those Mournful Sounds Confess the unhappy King,
 I've listned to that Voice in happier Hours,
 And if I guess aright, it is the King.

King. It was the King, and still I am my self.
 Now let me Summon all my Innate Greatness,
 That I may meet this haughty, Injur'd Man,
 And boldly Face him, with a Mind resolv'd.
 See *Julianus*, and indulge thy Hate
 Glut thy pleas'd sight with fallen *Rhoderique*,

And when thou hast gaz'd enough, **Exalt thy Arm**
 And print in bloody **Characters thy Vengeance.**
 I am prepar'd for Fate.

Ful. Mistaken King!
 It is not in thy Hoodwink'd **Destiny**
 To judge aright of suffering **Jullians**,
 Forsaken and a Prisoner like you,
 I have no Sword to Punish thy Injustice,
 Or if I had, I durst be Loyal still.
 Yet I will Wound thy Ears with such sad Words,
 That if thy Nature be not wholly Savage,
 Shall strike thee deeper than the sharpest Steel.

King. Thus Subtle Traytors ever Watch their time,
 Like the Ungenerous Race of Coward Brutes,
 Who, when the Lyons fetter'd in the Toyls,
 Insult the Majesty that just before
 They trembled to behold.

Ful. Dost rouse me King,
 Then what I meant, an humble soft Reproof
 Gentle to Wake Repentance and no more,
 Shall now become an eating Corrosive,
 And Gall thy hardned Temper to the Quick.
 Oh fatal *Rhaderique*! Why stop my Words;
 So long I've learn'd and Practic'd to Obey,
 I cannot force my Tongue to a Rebellion,
 Yet thou hast Wrong'd me, and Heaven owns the Quarrel;
Spain is this Hour sinking by thy Vices,
 Some baneful Planet Reign'd when thou wert Born,
 And laid up all her sad Effects in thee.
 The Hungry Famine and the blew-ey'd Pestilence
 Are Mercies to the Mischiefs of this Night,
 Mischiefs, thy unexampl'd Crimes have wrested
 From the Supream Avengers.

King. Peace thou Dotard,
 Nor dare to tax the everlasting Justice,
 As the Abetter of thy monstrous Treason
 Impious Rebel.

Ful. Indignation Choaks me
 Yet I'll surmount it, be thy self Old Man,
 Nor let ungovern'd Rage o're come thy Vertue.
 Ungrateful Tyrant, sure it can be no fault,

To give thee Titles thou so truly merit'st;
 Tell me why I alone, from all the Crowd
 Of passive Slaves, that bow'd beneath thy Yoke,
 Was chose to bear the burthen of thy Shame.
 Why was my Loyalty so ill rewarded?
 The ancient Honour of my House profan'd,
 My Age pursu'd with most unheard of Wrongs,
 Press'd to the Grave with hoary Infamy:
 Why us'd thus hardly?

King. Are Subjects to contend with Royal Power?
 What was thy House, or all thy boasted Race,
 To be esteem'd in ballance with my Pleasures?
 Had'st thou been Loyal, as thou wou'dst insinuate,
 Thou had'st not grudg'd a Daughter to thy King:
 That petty Sacrifice Thousands wou'd offer,
 But thou, blinded with Pride and Vanity,
 Think'st it more Noble to undo thy Country,
 Than to endure the smallest Injury.
 Mean and unworthy.

Ful. Falsly thou dost upbraid me.
 Had I been Father to a Hundred Children,
 All innocent and bright as my *Jacintha*,
 And had'd thou torn them all from my fond Care,
 And given them up to ignominious Slavery;
 Or if to indulge a cruel Thirst of Blood,
 Thou had'st doom'd them to be slain before my Face,
 I had lamented, but ne'er sought Revenge.

King. Then why does thy old Age put on this Mask,
 Of insolent, unnecessary Anger.
 Why rowl thy gloomy Eyes with such strong Fury;
 Why swell thy empty Veins, why shake thy Limbs,
 For such a trifling Wrong?

Ful. Oh! *Rhoderique*, thou hast undone my Fame:
 Buried my Glory in a living Tomb,
 Entail'd eternal Shame upon my Memory,
 My poor Child, blotted by thy monstrous Lust,
 Wanders about, a restless Misery,
 A weeping Anguish.

King. I'll hear no more.

Ful. Yes, thou shalt hear me, King,
 Till I have chang'd this Prison to a Hell,

And

And forc'd thee to anticipate the Woes
Prepar'd for sinking Tyrants.

King. Fury and Torture!

Is there no way to free me from this Slave,
This loud Reviler of his fallen Monarch?
Have not I left one open Path to Death?
Are all the numerous Adamantine Gates
By wayward Fate, made fast against the Wretched?

Jul. Ha! What have I done, I fear I've gone too far;
Forgive me, Sir, Sorrow has turn'd my Brain;
See, at your Feet I throw the rash Offender:
Though you have err'd, yet still you are my King,
Not less in this dark solitary Prison,
Than when you fill'd the awful Throne of *Spain*.
Oh! if there yet remain'd one glance of Pity
In gentle Mercy's unexhausted Store;
Forgetting all my Wrongs, my Load of Grievs,
These aged Knees would grow one piece with Earth,
To implore it for your Safety.

King. I'd despise it;
Both Life and Empire are below my Care:
Who can resolve me what's beyond this Span,
Perhaps I may return to my first nothing.
Oh! What a happy State were long Oblivion,
Forgetting and forgot, reliev'd from Thought,
From torturing Memory and vain Remorse;
'Twere lasting Peace, uninterrupted Rest,
A sweet, sound Sleep to all Eternity:
This were worth asking.

Jul. Forbear these mournful Thoughts.
Ye impartial Beings, was it your Decree,
That I, who lov'd my Country and my King,
Dearer than Life —
That I shou'd be the unassisting Cause
Of all the black Confusion of this Night;
From my unhappy Loins, the guiltless Maid
Sprung, to fulfil the irrevocable Doom.
Oh! wounding Grief, incessant Lamentation,
Not to be born.

King. Can he feel Pangs like these?
He that has done no Wrong, is Just and Pious.

Then

Then what must be my Lot, Oh *Julianus* !
Tho' I have long been Curst with Purple Greatness,
I never, never, knew an hour like this,
Flatter'd in Vice, I had no time to reflect.
Alas ! Why was I brought within thy reach
To feel the sacred Influence of thy Virtue
And Mourn my Crimes, when there's no hope of Pardon.

Jul. Do not despair,
When most severe I seem'd, yet even then,
Spite of my Injuries, you were my Care,
Upon my surly Jaylors I've prevail'd
To find my Daughter and to bring her here ;
She yet has Power o're *Theomantius* Soul.

King. Enough , enough,
Press me not more, with over-whelming shame
In vain I struggle in this Croud of Thoughts
To express my sense of thy amazing Goodness,
The salt'ring Accents hang upon my Tongue,
And now I'd kneel to thee, woud'st thou permit it.

Jul. No more of this : Oh, King ! my heart bleeds for thee.
Why was thy Noble Nature led astray ?
Why didst thou take base Villains to thy Bosom,
And banish all thy aged Counsellours,
That wou'd have rein'd thy Looser Appetites,
And gently led thee in the Daths of Vertue ?
I fear 'tis now too late.

King. 'Tis just it shou'd,
Since 'tis not in my Power to heal the sorrows
I have heap'd upon thy Lovely, rified Daughter,
That Fairest Piece that ever Nature drew,
Stain'd and Defac'd by my Curs'd Violence.
Oh is it fit, so vile a Wretch shou'd live !
No, as I have done the Wrongs I can't repair,
Inevitable Vengeance wails to sink me :
Yet ere I fall, Oh thou superior man,
Forgive a Royal Suppliant.

Jul. So as my latest moment,
May gracious Heaven extend the arms of Mercy
And Pardon all the Errors of my Life.
As I forgive the Injuries thou hast done me,
These wither'd Hand, shall still be list'd up

To beg thou may'st escape, if possible,
The Threatned Danger.

King. Such Wrongs as thine, so generously forgiven
Will never be believed in after-times.
Oh, had I Power!

A mighty Reparation I wou'd offer.
But 'tis in vain to talk: I have no Crown,
Or if I had, *Jacintha* wou'd have scorn'd it,
Another had her Vows.

Jul. Ill fated Vows.

My King, my darling Daughter and my Country,
Each of you, miserable in Extream,
While *Julianus* suffers in you all.

But hark, my Child, that Signal says she's here:
Once more, my aking Eyes shall view her Sweetness,
And pay a Mournful Tribute to her Fate.

King. Oh, let me fly:

In the lowest Cell of Darkness I wou'd hide me
Among pale Spectres of Despair and Horror,
So I may shun that Lovely ruin'd Fair,
Whose violated Form I dare not meet.

Oh, *Julianus*! O *Jacintha*.

Jul. 'Tis easie to resign the dregs of Life,
My Sand runs low in the dull course of Age,
Should Fate not shake the Glass, 'twou'd soon be out.

(Exit.)

Enter Jacintha, wounded.

Jac. Pensive he stands, when will my Woes be full?

Jul. Come near thou Child of Sorrow,
Thou wretch'd Off-spring off a poor old man,
That has out-liv'd that mighty hoard of Fame,
His active Youth laid up in a full Harvest?
Ha, what means that Blood upon thy snowy Breast?
Thou art not wounded.

Jac. Oh, 'twas a Friendly Sword,
A band of y, *Moors* were Guarding me to you,
At the Command of their Imperious General,
When some of your poor, faithful Souldiers knew me,
And fearing they had seiz'd me as a Prey,
soon forc'd them to resign their trembling Charge.

In the rude scuffle, some relenting Power
 Levell'd this Wound, in Pity to my Sufferings:
 Now be at Peace and Smile again my Father;
 I was the fatal Period of your Honour,
 And from my Ashes, like another *Phoenix*,
 Glory once more shall rise.

Jul. I know it well,
 Glory will rise and shine upon our Tombs,
 For I shall soon o're-take thy Gentle Shade
 Among the few that serv'd unbiass'd Virtue,
 Sure we may find an honourable Grave:
 Why dost thou Weep, where are the Roses now
 That dwelt in lively Colours on those Cheeks,
 Pale as approaching Death? Oh, my *Jacintha*!
 I have but one request and all is finish'd;
 Coud'st thou but see rash *Theomantius* thus,
 Thy dying Words wou'd charm his headlong Rage
 And move his Soul to save the unhappy King,
 Who now Repents his Crimes.

Jac. I knew your Piety,
 And sent a trusty Slave to guide him hither,
 But Cou'd you feel the Tortures of my Breast,
 The shaking Agonies, the bleeding Love;
 I sink beneath, at thoughts of seeing him;
 Indeed you'd Pitty me.
 Great is thy Work, and for thy Countries good
 Exert thy self, ha, what noise is that [*Swords.*
 Which way? The King? You Die if you resist, [*shout and Noise of clashing*
 [*without.*

Jul. Seek they the King then my Fate tears me from thee,
 If possible, to save him,
 If not, at least I shall meet noble Death,
 Farwel.

Jac. Oh, stay my Father, yet ere we part,
 For we shall never, never meet again,
 Will you not lay by all that Majesty
 Which strikes your Enemies with awful Terror,
 And be all Love, all Tenderness, all Parent
 To an only Child, who begs your latest Blessing.

Jul. Why wou'dst thou Triumph ore thy Father's Weakness,
 And Force the aged Sluce to send up Tears,
 When thirsty Grief has drain'd the exhausted Springs;

Why woud'st thou see me like a Boy Lament, [*Jacincta draws her*
 A most immense, inevitable loss, *veil over her bosom.*
 But veil that Wound from my tormented Eyes,
 Believe me Child, these Drops more hardly flow
 Then all those Streams of Blood I lost in Battle.

Jac. Alas, I cannot bear the killing sight,
 Oh, Weep no more.

Jul. Thus let me bend to Earth.

Jac. Why Kneels my Father?

Jul. To ask thy Pardon, that I did beget thee,
 From me, the fatal source of Misery
 Thou drewest thy wretched being.

Jac. Oh, forbear!

'Tis True, you are my dearest, God-like Father,
 You gave me Life in an unhappy Hour,
 But Shame and Meagre Woe lagg'd far behind;
 Nor were you Parent of my ruin.

Jul. No!

I lov'd thee with uncommon tenderness,
 Even such, as none but thee cou'd e're deserve;
 But thou wer't all Perfection, all Obedience:
 Methinks I see the Angels hovering o'er thee,
 Surrounded with an Host of smiling Saints,
 Who seem to wish and wait for thy Reception:
 Tell them, thou'rt coming to receive their welcomes;
 From Heaven I had thee, and to Heaven again
 Early thou wilt return, refin'd by Sufferings;
 There may'st thou feast on joys, which Earth deny'd
 There we again shall meet, to part no more. [*Exit Jul.*

Jac. Wasted on the blest Wings of your just Prayers,
 Methinks I am there already,
 Follow and revenge the Injur'd General. [*Without.*

Jul. Now by my wrongs, The Voice of Spanish Rage,
 Soon I'll Rebuke their Guilty headlong Error:
 Heaven has decreed, I shall not close thy Eyes
 That last kind Office, I leave to *Theomantius*:
 This way, this way. [*Without.*

Jul. I come, Oh *Jacincta*!
 But let me hold thee to my Heart a Moment,
 Then with a parting, Cold, Paternal Kiss
 Resign thee patiently to Death and Fate.

Oh,

Oh, Cruel founts, my Soul fleets after thee;
 And my Eyes strain their Balls, to the dear object;
 It must not be, Oh Nature, Heart, *Facinta*.

Fac. Farewel, farewell for ever,
 He's gone, and a dark Gloom begins to shade me,
 This wound will set the Imprison'd Soul at Liberty,
 Tho' very gently it performs it's work,
 As loath to part from the Rich Balm of Life;
 Oh, Death: Thou Remedy of Minds Distress!
 Approach and take me to thy long Embrace.
 Oh, *Theomantius*! hark, I hear him coming,
 But the Poor Heart that us'd to beat his welcome
 Now labouring in the Pain of Desolution
 Neglects the Lover.

Enter Theomantius.

Theo. what dismal, silent, dark Aboad is this,
 Sure 'tis the Mansion of despairing Lovers,
 where all that groan beneath oppressing Fate,
 like *Theomantius* and *Facinta* Curst,
 Sadly repair, to vent their swelling Griefs,
 And thou my Love, like the Bright Goddess here
 Display'st a mournful Glory all around,
 And mak'st even ruine lovely.

Fac. Hold yet my Spirits,
 Let me collect a little, little Force,
 A Moments Life and I have done for ever;
 Oh, *Theomantius*, how is fortune Chang'd
 Since t'other Days Gaudy, deluding Prospect
 Our early Loves seem'd the blest care of Heaven,
 And promis'd all that hopeful Youth cou'd wish;
 serene and Clear as ever gentle Peace,
 No darkning Cloud threatned our Halcyon state,
 And yet the rowling Tempest lay behind,
 At length it Broke, the mighty Curse came down
 And dash'd our meeting Joys.

Theo. Oh, gnawing Truth!

Fac. Much, *Roderique* has to answer for his Crimes,
 But thou art guiltier far.

Theo. Heart-breaking Words!
 Why does my cruel Fair one treat me thus,
 Have I not shar'd her Injuries and Grievs,
 And paid a Stream of Blood for every Tear,
 That Tyranny has forc'd from her lov'd Byes;
 And cou'd I give her Pain?

Jac. Witness my ruin'd Country.
 But Oh! the slaughter'd Heaps of Noble Spaniards.
 Oh! could you think this would not give me Pain.
 Hard is my Task, and most severe my Fate,
 That in this latest Scene of yielding Life,
 When all the kindest, softest, tender things
 That faithful Lovers know, shou'd be express'd
 Instead of these, Alas! My dying words
 Must blame my *Theomantius*.

Theo. Soul-rending Torture!
 Forbear to wound me with your just Reproach,
 Lest stung with deep Remorse, I fall before you,
 A Victim to your Anger.

Jac. Tell me why,
 When putting off my timorous Sexes Fears,
 Between the lifted Spears I ran to seek thee;
 Why did my Cries not stop thy barbarous Arm
 From further Slaughter?

Theo. Some unseen Power
 Fix'd on *Spain's* Destruction hurried me on,
 And those vile Injuries thou had'st receiv'd
 Orewhelm'd that Reason, which wou'd else have heard,
 And readily obey'd thee.

Jac. Rash Revenge!
 Now what canst thou expect, unhappy Prince,
 But the Reward that's due to headlong Rage:
 To wander here on Earth, despis'd and hated,
 And when thou dyest, to be excluded Heaven,
 For no presumptuous Punishers of Kings
 Will be admitted to those blest Abodes.
 Thither, the loyal and unshaken Virtue
 Can only wing its flight.

Theo. Recal thy piercing Words,
 Thus crawling on the Earth, like a vile Slave;
 Let thy relenting Justice bless my Penitence.

(Kneels.)

Al-

Already I am punish'd for my Crimes;
 The ungrateful Moor, turns the Sword I gave him
 To his Deliverers Throat, and vows my Fall;
 But let him triumph, do but thou forgive,
 Call my dire Fault the effect of true Love,
 And I am satisfied.

Jac. Rise *Theomantius*,
 And if thou canst repair thy fatal Error --- but much I doubt.
 My willing Soul shall hold thee dear as ever,
 But much I doubt.

Theo. Banish thy Fears,
 Inspir'd by thee, I shall do Miracles. *(rising hastily.)*
 There is one hope yet left, my lovely Fair,
 And now you have given me leave to expect a Pardon,
 My future Actions shall deserve your Mercy.
 The brave *Antonio* heads a bold Reserve,
 Who will sell their Lives too dear for *Africk* purchase:
 With them again we'll turn the giddy Scale,
 And save our sinking Nation.

Jac. 'Tis well, and now I've nothing left to do,
 Oh, *Theomantius* !

Theo. Ha ! What means my Love ?
 A deadly Paleness triumphs in thy Face,
 And Tremblings seize thee.

Jac. See this fatal Wound. *(Lifts up the Veil.)*
 The welcome Present of an unknown Arm,
 Who did not mean the kind Relief to me,
 Thy Hand, for I am sinking.

Theo. Sink all Nature,
 Heap on this burthen'd Wretch the weight of Worlds,
 They cannot crush like this, once more speak to me,
 Thou lovely fading Beauty, bless my Soul,
 With one kind Syllable, e'er thou tak'st thy Wing
 To the bright Realms above, thy native Home:
 Speak, tho' to Increase, Despair, and add to my Distraction.

Jac. I love thee, and a Temper nice as mine,
 In these few tender Words sums up the whole :
 There's something takes thy pleasing Form away,
 Where art thou vanish'd from dazzling Eyes,
 Darkness comes on, and I can search no further.

(Dies.)
Theo. Who

Theo. Who shall I curse, to whom shall I complain?
 If within this loathsome horrid Vault,
 There has been frequent Murders, foulest Rapin,
 Distorting Racks, and penetrating Fires,
 With all the barbarous Cruelties of Rage,
 That Hell and fierce Revenge could e'er inspire,
 Yet has their Woes been Sports, compar'd with mine.
 Still here's a Friend that will afford me Comfort,
 And guide the dusky way to endless Peace. *(Draws.)*

Antonio lead the Army, I'll rest here.
 Look down *Jacintha*, view my Resolution,
 I could not strike more heartily in thy Revenge *(Fall on his Sword.)*

Enter an Officer and Soldiers.

Off. Where's *Theomantius*?

Theo. What wou'dst thou?

Off. *Spain* is no more, this Hour dates her Fall,
 New landing *Moors* have cover'd all the Strand;
 Encompassing the only Troops were left,
 Led by *Antonio*, who resists in vain,
 For they are taken all, or perish'd.

Theo. Hateful News,
 Help Soldiers, and lay me by that dear one,
 On thy cold Lips I leave my dying Sorrows,
 And now, all's well. *(Dies.)*

Off. Alas! What Noise is that of clashing Swords,
 The Enemy pursues us.

Enter several Moors, driving in Julianus wounded.

1. *Moor.* Yield and be safe.

Jul. I scorn the Offer:
 Let these Wounds inform your savage Eyes,
 That *Julianus* knows not to submit.

Off. Where is the King?

Jul. I hope he is escap'd.

2. *Moor.* 'Twas by thy Aid, for which, this shall reward
 Thee.

As they engage, Enter Mullymumen, his Sword drawn, several Prisoners, Clo. Lad. bound, and Officers, Mullymumen speaks Entering.

Mul. Here let insatiate Death restrain his Arm,
Preserve the General, save great *Julianus*;
Long may he live.

Ful. Who wishes me that Curse,
But I am past its Power, here end my Sufferings,
Ill Fate can wound no more.

Mul. Thou only *Spaniard*,
What impious Hand durst pierce thy worthy Breast,
That held the noblest Art of human-kind?
Oh, say! who did this most accursed Deed.

2. Moor. 'Twas I, he has given *Roderique* Liberty,
Led him from Prison with undaunted Courage,
And urg'd the *Spanish* soldiers to his side;
Them we soon conquer'd, but he mock'd our Fury,
And with his naked Breast maintain'd the Passage,
Whilst the King escap'd.

Mul. He must be taken;
But no matter, that at our better Leisure.
Here all my Rage is turn'd to fruitless Pity,
Worthy General, my help.

Ful. Away,
Approach me not with thy unwelcome Care,
Hast thou not ruin'd my lov'd, native Country,
Possess'd my unpolluted Mother Earth?
And wou'dst thou offer me detested help.
There's a Magnetick Force beads me this way,
Towards these dear dead Bodies of my Children,
Moor, if thou wou'dst be kind to *Julianus*,
Lay me in one Tomb, with these lov'd Reliques.

Mul. It shall be done.

Enter Officers, with Antonio and Margaretta Prisoners.

Off. Behold this lovely Pair,
Whom we took just making to the Port.

Ful. My Foster Children, yet another Pang.

Mar. My dear *Jacinta* dead, Oh, my Father!

Ant.

Ant. The General dying, *Theomantius* dead.
Oh Fatal hour, Cruel Heart-wounding sight.

Mul. Rash *Theomantius* fall, let Lovers mourn,
For only they know to excuse his fault;
Ore that Bright Form, should I give way to Grief,
I cou'd my self, be prodigal of Tears;
But this great Man, superior to our praise,
Is such a loss, as sorrow can't express;
Here turn your watry Eyes, ye Captive *Spaniards*,
He merits endless wailings.

Ful. Oh, *Mullymumen*!
If in thy warlike Heart, compassion Reign,
Then let this mournful Pair, in peace remove
Far from the sight of desolated *Spain*;
To *Antonio's* distant Province, there secure
They never will molest thy Unenvied state;
Jacinta, *Theomantius*, I am coming,
Take to your Shades, the wretched *Julianus*,
My painful, tedious hours, at last are finish'd
And balmy Rest steals ore my wearied Lids:
No more, but Mercy, and I'm with ye.



[Dies.]

Mul. He sleeps for ever, fly ye Beauteous Mourners,
The mighty General obtain'd your Freedom.
Guard them to the Port, bear these to Death.

(Turning to the
other Prisoners.)

Ant. For Life and Liberty,
scarce can I bend my soul to thank thee *Moor*;
But for thy dearest sake, my lovely Wife
I'll bear to live and leave these faithful Friends,
Which else I wish to follow.

Mar. Oh, heavy parting,
But I will smother my Complaints in silence,
And having all in thee: Praise the high Powers,
Left by vain Grief, I pull down new Misfortunes.

1. *Moor.* Now great Sir, the Nation's wholly yours, (Ex. with
And all wait ready to Salute you King. *Souldiers.*)

Omnes. Long live the Prosperous Royal *Mullymumen*.

Mul. A Tomb Magnificent and Great to these I'll raise,
And then pursue the flying *Rhoderique*.
From this auspicious hour, we date our Reign,
The first of *Moors* that ever Conquer'd *Spain*.